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WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT } SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



1. The Victoria. 2. Passengers in the fore-rigging. 3. Disaster to the first boat.

THE WRECK OF THE CHANNEL STEAMER VICTORIA, NEAR DIEPPE.
FROM SKETCHES AND INFORMATION SUPPLIED BY EYE-WITNESSES.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

"Gay" is not precisely the word for the state of society in Rome just at present. "Delirious," "rapturous," "ecstatic" might, perhaps, better characterise our existing state of feelings under the joyful influence of continued angelic weather (we do not say anything of the occasional days which are scarcely angelic: the days when the depressing *scirocco*, or south-east wind, blows, and the sky darkles, and the clouds weep) and the continued influx of distinguished visitors into the Eternal City. The Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne have been staying at the Albergo dell' Europa, on the Piazza di Spagna; but have now left to join the Queen at Aix-les-Bains. Loyal Britons have been rejoiced by the spectacle of the Princess buying violets from the ragged, picturesque-looking urchins who haunt the foot of the Trinità di Monte steps, while the retired Fra Diavolo and Pascal Brunos, their papas and their *contadina* mammas, lurk about the Via Condotti. On the staircase leading to the Trinità di Monte itself the police will no longer allow the professional models, or brigands "out of collar"—the terms are nearly convertible—to congregate.

Then we have Ismail Pasha, ex-Khedive of Egypt, established at a handsome villa outside the Porta Pia. The Princess Mary of Prussia (widow of Prince Frederick Charles), travelling under the *incognita* of the Countess Mark, is at the Hôtel de Londres; the illustrious violinist Camillo Sivori is also among the guests of the Mother of the World; the newspapers announce that "Sir Bennet," the spirited and generous proprietor of the *New York Herald*, is on his way to the banks of the Tiber; the *Capitan Fracassa* has made the remarkable discovery that the Distressed Compiler is the *direttore* of the *Daily News*, and is sojourning in Rome for the purpose of writing a book on Italian politics. "Lui sventurato!" exclaims the *Capitan Fracassa*. "Good lack!" observes the Distressed Compiler. And, at the table-d'hôte of the Albergo d'Inghilterra, the day before yesterday, we were honoured by the presence of three Anglican Bishops.

Mem.: I shrink from taking liberties with the Episcopal Bench, so I will only hint that the three Right Reverend Prelates in question are Incumbents respectively of the Sees of Selenopolis, Alexibrochon, and Pollapyrobola. But they are all real Lord Bishops, mind you, in aprons, "shovels," black "pianoforte legs," and all. His Lordship of Pollapyrobola went away quite meekly this morning in the hotel omnibus en route for the railway station and Capri. Where is his episcopal palace, I wonder? On the Rock—the many guns of which, an alarmist in one of the papers has just discovered, are good for nothing? So notoriously worthless, indeed, is said to be the armament of the famous fortress which ought to be the key of the Mediterranean, that the French intend to hold a grand naval review of ironclads in the Bay of Algeiras in sheer derision of the now toothless iron jaws of "Gib." The news, if it be true, is enough to make Sir Joshua's portrait of Lord Heathfield shiver for wrath in its frame. Where are now the force and direction of the old Andalusian patois rhyme?—

Tiene el Ingles un canon
Que si llama "boca negra"
Quando dice "Canonazo!"
Todo el mundo tiembla.

And are the many guns of "Gib" hopelessly honeycombed, and is "El Ingles" "played out"?

I mentioned recently that I came to Rome for rest and quiet, and that I had not seen any sights since my arrival. I have now, however, to express my gratitude to an old and dear friend, who, a few mornings since, just before we started on what proved to be a delicious excursion to the Alban Hills, Frascati (to see the inscription in the Duomo to the memory of Charles Edward), Castel Gandolfo, Albano, Cività Lavina, Lake Nemi, and so forth, amicably dragged me into Queen Margaret's Blind Asylum in the Baths of Diocletian, hard by the railway terminus, and showed me, ranged in five separate apartments *en suite*, as many noble examples of ancient plastic art, the outcome of recent excavations. First I saw the draped figure of a female in marble; the head gone, but the drapery wonderfully subtle and delicately cast. Mr. Alma Tadema has got a photograph of that drapery by this time, I hope. It might afford him some useful hints the next time that the distinguished Academician counsels Miss Mary Anderson as to the proper ordering of a peplum or a chiton.

Then I was shown the figure of a youth, life size, and quite perfect. Then the statue of a wrestler in bronze, also intact, found in the Baths of Constantine, and then the real treasure of the "find," the life-size statue in bronze of a boxer. The preservation perfect; as a study of plastic anatomy the whole work simply wonderful. The pugilist is nude; but his hands are "gloved" in a manner that might arouse the enthusiastic admiration of the Marquis of Queensberry. A couple of "facers," I should say, from those tremendous "mauleys," would suffice to fell an ox. The bridge of the pugilist's nose is broken, and his face is scored with the records of previous "mills." He is in a sitting attitude, taking perhaps a little rest after, say, the twenty-sixth round. He has, to judge from the complacent expression of his countenance, been getting the best of the contest; and his head is on the half turn, as though he were asking his backer whether he should "go in" and finish his antagonist for good and all. After the next round, I apprehend, it will be expedient to order somebody's funeral.

Mem.: Who were the patrons, I should like to know, who gave commissions for the execution of such brutally artistic statuary? The "administration" of the arena, or the baths; or some noble sporting "swell" of the period? Well; just before I left England, a friend made me a present of a copy of the first edition of Pierce Egan's "Boxiana," illustrated with portraits of the Cribbs, the Belchers, the Molyneux, the Springs, the Wards, the "Gentlemen Jacksons" of the past. Several of these effigies were really very fine specimens of line engraving; and the plates of "Boxiana" must have cost many hundreds

of pounds sterling. It is easy enough to moralise upon the lamentable decadence of the Romans at the period when the professors of the glorious art of sculpture did not disdain to model the forms of wrestlers and prize-fighters; but we were scarcely a decadent nation when the British nobility and gentry flocked to the cock-pit or the tennis-court hard by the Haymarket, to see Dutch Sam and the rest mauling one another. We were winning Salamanca and Vittoria and Waterloo about that time. Better, perhaps, fisticuffs than the revolver.

The last figure upon which I gazed in the asylum for "poveri ciechi" was the life-size statue in bronze of a youthful Bacchus, found imbedded, feet uppermost, in the soft mud in the bed of the Tiber just above the Insula Tiberira, head downwards. How did the youthful Bacchus get into that plight? Had the bronze—like the marble in Mr. Gilbert's play—become animate, the youth, after too plentiful potations, might have felt himself *Bacchi plenus*, and have so taken an involuntary "sensation header" into the river; but in all sober likelihood he was thrown, flung, "chucked" into the water. Why, and by whom? The barbarians would scarcely have taken the trouble to drown Bacchus. It would have taken at least two strong men to carry the man of bronze down to the water's edge. Possibly it was the early Christians who, in anti-Pagan zeal, heaved Bacchus into the Tiber.

To swell the measure of our enjoyment this Roman Easter-tide, active preparations are being made for the approaching races, "Il Derbi Reale"; and the caffès are full of bookmakers, whose seductive vocation precisely fits in with the insatiable Italian appetite for gambling, and with whose "little game" the Roman police have not deemed it expedient to interfere. They manage things differently in Paris, where the Municipal Council have been organising a terribly ferocious crusade against the betting-men. I never bet myself, so that I am unable to determine as to whether the practice is more immoral than that of making "time bargains" in connection with the Public Funds or starting "bogus" gold-mining companies. By-the-way, when I was at Maryborough, in Queensland, in 1885, somebody gave me a specimen of the ore of the real Mount Morgan mine—the petrified "cup" of the gold-depositing geyser. Attentively scanned through a very strong magnifying-glass, the entire surface of the specimen given me appeared uniformly "peppered" or speckled with atoms of gold. I should like to have some shares in the real Mount Morgan.

The accomplished musical critic of a London daily contemporary seems to hold that appropriate and exhilarating marching tunes are rather desiderata than otherwise in British Volunteer bands, and that a change is needed from the *toujours perdrix* of "Highland Laddie" and "Garryowen." Well, I was present at the first Volunteer review held by the Queen in Hyde Park more than a quarter of a century since, and the tune played by one of the corps that marched past the Royal carriage (the Queen stood up as the "Defence, not Defiance," men strode by) was certainly considered at the time to be both appropriate and exhilarating. The corps was the Inns of Court Rifles, and the march was that good old English tune "Go to the Devil and shake yourself!" How the crowd roared! A doughty body "The Devil's Own" of the year 185—! True descendants they of the contemporaries of Ellenborough and Stowell and Erskine, who, as the legends tell, being drilled in Lincoln's-inn-fields, and the word "Charge!" being given, uttered one thunderous shout of "Six and eightpence!" and swept all before them.

Seriously, if better marching music be really required by our gallant riflemen they would soon be able to obtain that which they needed by applying to an Austrian bandmaster. The Austrian martial music is the most inspiring in the world. Mind you, I say this with the full remembrance of having seen and heard, in the year '64, a Massachusetts regiment, two thousand strong, marching to the strains of "John Brown's Body lies Mouldering in the Ground," and singing, too, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's superb paraphrase of that peculiar lyric; and, at the time, I thought that I had never listened to anything finer. But, on reflection, the palm, I should say, must be awarded to the Tedeschi. Their bands seem to discourse the tunefulness of Mozart allied with the sprightliness of Strauss; and one of the few (and infinitesimally small) things that make the friend of Italy regret the liberation of Venice from the Austrian yoke is the disappearance of the Austrian military bands from the Piazza San Marco. What delicious marches and "retreats" the Croats and the Hungarians used to play! what prodigious "swells" were the Kaiser's officers, in their white tunics, their crimson pantaloons, and their white kid gloves! and what famous times one used to have at the Caffè Florian, listening to the interlopers' music over a *granito* ice that cost twopence halfpenny, and a "Virginia" cigar dear at three farthings! One had not time to bestow a thought on the patriotic gondolier grinding his teeth on the Molo, and quite forgetting to chant strophes from Tasso (if he ever quoted them), muttering wrathfully "Va fuori d'Italia, Straniero!" The stranger is gone; and joy go with him; but modern Italian military music lacks colour and brilliance.

There is, in particular, one Austrian march, the name of which I would give my ears (*façon de parler*) to remember, so melodious, so invigorating, so full of martial energy and "go" is it. But the little niece who used spiritedly to play that march to us, at home, is far away in the land of the Moscow; and nearly all the other auditors are dead. I can remember the air of the march exactly by a kind of mnemonic process; for the late Watts Phillips, the dramatist (and an inveterate wag), used to declare that only one set of words would suit the march, and that these were:—

And she fell in love with the cat's-meat man,
The cat's-meat man, the cat's-meat man;
And she fell in love with the cat's-meat man,
The man that sold the meat!

It is just possible that some musician (with an "ear") may recognise the melody from the rhythm of the above jingling doggerel. In any case, on my return home I shall meet, I hope, my dear friend, Miss Genevieve Ward, come back from the United States and laden with fresh dramatic laurels. She has heard the "Cat's-meat Man" many a time and oft; and I will ask her to note it down for me, to be sent, say, to the bandmaster of the Artists' Corps, to see if he can make anything out of it.

The International Statistical Institute, of which the President is Sir Rawson Rawson and the treasurer Mr. John Biddulph Martin, who have been holding a congress in Rome, have been deservedly made much of both by the Italian Government and by Roman men of science and society generally. His Majesty King Umberto has entertained the delegates of the Institute at a State dinner of eighty covers; the Prime Minister, Signor Depretis, has held a reception in their honour; a box at the Costanzi Theatre was placed at their disposal on the night of the first representation of Verdi's "Otello," in Rome; an excursion to Terni (in which ladies participated) was organised for their delectation; and, altogether, the memories of Rome at Easter, 1887, to be cherished by Sir Rawson Rawson, Mr. Biddulph Martin, and their colleagues will, in all probability, be extremely pleasant ones.

But, amidst this whirl of pleasure, business has not been by any means neglected by the members of the Congress, who have held their sessions *de die in diem* at the Ministry of Finance; and among the subjects expatiated upon and reported upon by such *savants* as Professor De Neumann-Spallart, M. E. Cheysson, M. C. Keleti, M. A. Beaumont, Major P. G. Craigie, M. Luzzatti, Dr. De Inama Sternegg, M. M. R. Giffen, M. Joseph Körösi, Dr. Leon Vacher, M. Maffeo Pantaleoni, Dr. Brock, and others, I find "Food and general consumption as a gauge of the well-being of families and nations;" "The alimentation of the Hungarian population;" "The best methods of ascertaining the social and economic condition of a country at a given epoch;" "The difficulties of establishing comparative statistics of State indebtedness" (I would advise the Institute to try their hand at the National Debt of Russia); "The state and the movement of the population of France during the eighteenth century" (not forgetting, I hope, the deportation of Manon Lescaut and her cognates to Louisiana); and "The diminution of mortality and the increase of the average of human life in Europe." The last recalls Flourens' famous treatise "On the Quantity of Life on the Earth." From all of which I am led to opine that the science of statistics is a very elastic one, and, like electricity, only in its infancy.

"F. B." (Launceston, Tasmania), with reference to some remarks made a few weeks since in this page, touching the expediency of minimising the newspaper reports of divorce cases, kindly forwards me a cutting from a Melbourne paper in which I read that in a divorce case in which the petitioner was a baker and the co-respondent a member of the Legislative Assembly of Victoria, the Judge prohibited the publication of the evidence "on the ground of public morality." Mr. Justice Webb, who issued the prohibition in question, was, according to the *Launceston Examiner*, fully warranted in his action under Section 6 of the Administration of Justice Act, 1885, which, however, includes the proviso that "nothing herein contained shall prevent the publication of a report of such parts of, or of the facts connected with such proceedings, as are not so prohibited."

My own suggestion was that the presiding Judge should appoint an official reporter, and that the report should be submitted to and receive the *imprimatur* of an officer of the Court, say the Judge's Associate. My proposal was made not only in the interests of public decency, but in those of the section of the journalistic profession to which I belong. There are certain weekly journals and reviews the proprietors of which do not spend a penny in reporting, but the writers of which appear to study all the costly reports which appear in the daily papers. Then, having glutted themselves with what they deem unseemly matter, they proceed to fall foul of the conductors and contributors to the dailies, calling them "ghouls," "vampires," "men with muck-rakes," and so forth. It is precisely the same in war-time. If the news received from the seat of war be scanty, the weekly reviews which I have in my mind's eye abuse the special correspondents virulently for their want of energy. When the letters—and copious letters, too—arrive, the specials are abused for writing "sensational clap-trap," and generals in command are comically told that the best use to which a special war correspondent could be put would be to drum him out of the camp or to hang him. This agreeable spirit of *esprit de corps* among English journalists has not been quite so strongly manifest since the system was introduced of compelling the specials to submit their telegrams to an authoritative military censor, without whose *visa* they could not be dispatched; and it is for that reason why I recommend the adoption of an analogous course with regard to the reports of objectionable divorce cases. Let only such details, the publication of which has been sanctioned by the Judge or his delegate, be printed; and on the shoulders of the censor let the responsibility rest. The scandalised weekly reviewers would find it slightly dangerous to abuse the Judges, many of whom hold somewhat rigorous notions as to contempt of Court.

The poem of Hudibras opens with "A Story of a Bear and a Fiddle, begun, but broke off in the middle." The "Echoes" this week were begun in the Via Bocca di Leone, Rome; they broke off in the middle at the railway buffet, Turin; but, unlike the adventures of the Bear and the Fiddle, the "Echoes" were resumed at Châlons (where the engine of the night express broke down at two a.m.); they were finished at Fontainebleau, and are now being posted in Paris.—G. A. S.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

The Lords reassembled like giants refreshed, apparently, after a rational Easter vacation on Monday. The decorum of their gilded chamber obviously did not wholly satisfy them. There was quite a rush to the attenuated gallery devoted to Peers in the House of Commons. Rarely now does Lord Cranbrook revisit the scene of his former triumphs. But, seemingly sniffing the battle from afar, this former dashing and impetuous lieutenant of Lord Beaconsfield made his way to the small eyrie of the Peers in the Lower House, and, with Lord Cross (radiant from his Saturday to Monday holiday with Mr. W. H. Smith at Sandringham), Earl Cadogan, Earl Spencer, Lord Brabourne, and several other noble Lords, looked down with palpable interest on the compact masses of members awaiting the issue of the Healy episode. With respect to their Lordships' doings in their own House this week, it may be said that their deliberations have afforded fresh proofs that theirs is the one effective legislative chamber in these times of tumultuous, disorderly, and wasteful debates in "another place."

The regrettable incident with which the past week closed afforded a striking indication of what would presumably be the manners of an Irish Parliament in Dublin—in the improbable event of an assembly being re-established there for the whole of Ireland.

That stormy petrel of the Orange party, Colonel Edward James Sanderson, member for North Armagh, occasioned the tumult of Friday week. Now, this hon. and gallant member is in the habit of saying outrageous things so cheerily and good-humouredly that his sallies are generally received with laughter, none, as a rule, joining in the mirth more heartily than the emotional body of Home Rulers led by the grave and pallid Mr. Parnell. Regarded, then, as the chartered libertine of debate, Colonel Sanderson joined in the discussion on the Criminal Law Amendment Bill for Ireland, only to add fuel to the fire consuming the perfervid Parnellites. It was doubtless because of the chorus of hilarity in which the extravagant statements of Colonel Sanderson are usually drowned, that the Speaker did not at once check the hon. and gallant gentleman when he directly accused the hon. members for Cork, West Belfast, and for East Donegal "of associating with men whom they knew to be murderers." True, there came from the Chair an acknowledgment of the gravity of the charge, with an intimation that the charge might be met and answered in debate. But this delay would not satisfy Mr. Healy. In the most vulgarly explicit word in the language he gave the lie to Colonel Sanderson; he justified his action on the grounds of gross provocation, and declined to withdraw the un-Parliamentary expression. He was "named," and suspended for a week, on the motion of Mr. Smith. When Colonel Sanderson, severely challenged by Mr. Sexton, repeated his accusation, and the member for West Belfast warmly denied the truth of the charge in language more violent than that of Mr. Healy, the Speaker wisely called upon both offenders to withdraw their offensive words. The Speaker likewise called both members to order when they offended once again in precisely the same manner. Under these circumstances, it would have been consistent to have rescinded the order for the suspension of Mr. Healy. But this reasonable course was not adopted, although the Speaker pointed out how the matter might be adjusted at the next sitting. The lesson in manners will do no harm, however, to Mr. Healy.

The Repression of Crime Bill was eclipsed on Monday by the publication in the *Times* of what purported to be a facsimile of a letter signed by Mr. Parnell. It was avowedly written after the Phoenix Park assassinations, and the body of the note was in a different handwriting to the signature. The letter ran thus:—

15.5.82.
Dear Sir,—I am not surprised at your friend's anger, but he and you should know that to denounce the murders was the only course open to us. To do that promptly was plainly [here three words which appear to have been "the only course" are erased] our best policy.

But you can tell him and all others concerned that, though I regret the accident of Lord F. Cavendish's death, I cannot refuse to admit that Burke got no more than his deserts.

You are at liberty to show him this, and others whom you can trust also; but let not my address be known. He can write to House of Commons.—Yours very truly,
CHAS. S. PARNELL.

In the face of so serious an attack as this on the honour of a prominent member, it might have been expected that the earliest opportunity would have been taken when the Commons met on Monday to repel it, and to move that the publisher of the letter should be called to the bar of the House. It was understood that Mr. Parnell had in private at once stigmatised the letter as a forgery. He could not have risen too promptly to repudiate it. As it was, the crowded House witnessed Mr. Gladstone vainly throwing oil on the troubled waters raised by the Healy-Sanderson episode, and remained to hear Mr. Sexton's detailed reply to the allegations of Colonel Sanderson, amounting to a bantering retort that Colonel King-Harman, the new Under-Secretary for Ireland, had in his Home Rule salad days been a close political associate of Mr. Egan (an accusation denied in the *Times* by the hon. and gallant Colonel). Coming to the Parnell letter, Mr. Sexton characterised it as "a base, manifest, clumsy, and malignant forgery—an act nearly as dastardly as murder, and deserving of capital punishment"; but with respect to the obvious remedy at law, he asked "whether, in the present state of political feeling in England, if an Irish member brought an action for libel against an English newspaper before an English jury, he would not be voluntarily lending himself to an elaborate farce?" The Marquis of Hartington was quick to answer Mr. Sexton out of his own mouth by the apt rejoinder:—

It seems to me that the opinions which the hon. member for West Belfast has expressed about the possibility of getting a fair verdict from an English jury do not harmonise very well with the professions of confidence in the British people which he and his friends now make.

Consistent with the manly straightforwardness of Lord Hartington's high character was it that he should call upon Mr. Parnell to formally and explicitly disprove the damaging accusations levelled against him and his associates in the *Times* articles on "Parnellism and Crime." His Lordship stoutly supported the Bill in the belief that it would restore the supremacy of the law in Ireland. Later in the evening, Mr. Gladstone attacked the measure with supreme eloquence and earnestness on the grounds that the slight increase of crime did not warrant the introduction of so stringent a measure. Mr. Balfour having joined issue with Mr. Gladstone on this vital point, Mr. Parnell, in the small hours, at length obtained his opportunity to emphatically declare that the letter in the *Times* was "a villainous and bare-faced forgery," and a "deliberate attempt to blacken my character." Dismissing it as an "odious and unblushing fabrication," Mr. Parnell proceeded to express the horror with which he learnt the news of the Phoenix Park murders, adding, "It is no exaggeration to say that had I been in the Park that day I would gladly have stood between Lord Frederick Cavendish and the daggers of the assassins [a voice, "Burke!"] and, for the matter of that, between their daggers and Mr. Burke." When the division took place, by a majority of 101—370 against 269

votes—the House rejected Sir B. Samuelson's amendment to the effect that the Bill would "tend to increase disorder in Ireland, and to endanger the union between that country and other parts of the empire." The Repression of Crime Bill was then read the second time. But it was plain from Mr. Gladstone's energetic speech at the dinner of the Eighty Club on Tuesday that the Gladstonian Liberals will not relax their opposition to the measure in its remaining stages. On the other hand, the Government, calmly proceeding with their remedial measure simultaneously with the Crimes Bill, may justly feel strong in the unabated support of the Liberal Unionists with Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain at their head, as testified by the recent speeches of the noble Lord and the right hon. member both in the House and in Scotland.

COLONEL KING-HARMAN, M.P.

The newly-appointed Parliamentary Under-Secretary to the Government of Ireland is a well-known member of the House of Commons, and an active Irish politician. Mr. Edward Robert King-Harman was born in 1838, eldest son of the late Mr. Laurence Harman, of Rockingham, in the county of Roscommon, and of Newcastle, in Longford, who died in 1875. He was educated at Eton, and held a commission in the 60th Rifles; he is Colonel of the Roscommon Militia. He married, in 1861, a daughter of Sir William Worsley, Bart., of Hovingham, Yorkshire. He was elected for Sligo in 1877, but now sits for an English constituency—that of the Isle of Thanet—and belongs to the Conservative party.

THE LATE MR. NEWDEGATE.

An obituary memoir of this gentleman, who recently died, at the age of seventy, has found place in our Journal. Mr. C. N. Newdegate, of Arbury, Nuneaton, was the son of Mr. C. Newdegate Parker, of Harefield, Middlesex, who inherited part of the estates of Sir Roger Newdegate, while a life-interest in other estates was bequeathed to his brother Francis; these also came afterwards to the late Mr. Newdegate, who bore the old family name, with the change of one letter in its spelling. He was M.P. for North Warwickshire from 1843 to 1885, and was long a conspicuous figure in the House of Commons, a steadfast Conservative, Protectionist, and defender of the Established Church of England, asserting Protestant principles, and frequently denouncing the pretensions of the Roman Catholic hierarchy. Personally, he was much respected by men of all parties, and was very popular among his country neighbours. Mr. Newdegate was unmarried. He was made one of her Majesty's Privy Council, and styled "Right Honourable," after his retirement from Parliament two years ago.

THE LATE MAJOR NEILL.

Major Andrew H. S. Neill, commanding the 2nd Central India Horse, was murdered at Augur, on the 14th ult., being shot dead on parade by an insane trooper of his regiment. He was the fourth son of Brigadier-General Neill, of the Madras Fusiliers, who was killed at the head of his brigade, at Havelock's relief of Lucknow in 1857. He joined the Army in 1861, as Lieutenant in the 103rd Bombay Fusiliers. In 1868, he was appointed to the Central India Horse, and obtained the command of the 2nd regiment of that force in 1880. He was employed on special duty in the Bengal Famine of 1874, and received the thanks of the Government of India for his work in conveying food to the starving population. In 1878, he accompanied the cavalry brigade to Malta and Cyprus, as aide-de-camp to Brigadier-General Watson, now Lieutenant-General Sir J. Watson, K.C.B., V.C. He again served as aide-de-camp to the same officer, in the Afghan War of 1879-80. Major Neill married, in 1884, a daughter of Mr. Smith-Cuninghame, of Caprington Castle, Ayrshire. In our publication of Dec. 4, 1886, we gave two illustrations of the Arch at Lucknow, near which Major Neill's father, General Neill, was killed, in 1857.

Mr. Bourke, Governor of Madras, has been raised to the Peerage.

Mr. Eric Stuart Bruce, inventor of the electrical war balloon, announces a popular lecture, entitled "Science and the Jubilee," to be given next Thursday evening, at Prince's Hall, Piccadilly.

Until Tuesday May 31 next, French bronze coins will be received at all post offices in exchange for cash, or stamps, at the following rates—Ten-centime pieces, thirteen to the shilling, and five-centime pieces, twenty-six to the shilling. No exchange to be made for a less sum than sixpence, the equivalent of which will be six and a-half ten-centime pieces.

A handsome household edition of the entire works of Dickens in Dutch has been begun by Messrs. Cohen Brothers, of Arnheim and Nimeguen. The publication is printed in double columns, with illustrations by Mr. Barnard and others which are familiar to English readers. The first part comprises the opening chapters of "David Copperfield."

The forty-third annual meeting of the City of London Young Men's Christian Association was held on the 14th inst. in the Egyptian Hall of the Mansion House. Mr. G. Williams, who presided, said they had in their Aldersgate-street association 800 active members and 1000 associates, and they had besides that 800 students in the different classes for education there, 400 of whom were not members or associates.

A window, in painted glass, designed by Mr. William White, F.S.A., has been placed in the north wall of the church of Leigh, Essex, as a memorial to Robert Eden, Bishop of Moray and Ross, Primus of Scotland, formerly Rector of Leigh for sixteen years, who died Aug. 24, 1886, aged eighty-two years. Also in memory of Emma, his wife, who died March 24, 1880, aged seventy-seven years.

The "Colonial and Indian Atlas of the British Empire," issued by Messrs. W. and A. K. Johnston, of London and Edinburgh, includes over fifty maps of the various possessions constituting the Empire. The printed matter gives information as to the area, population, geographical position, revenue, expenditure, amount of imports and exports, and method of government of each colony.

OUR SUMMER NUMBER

WILL BE ISSUED EARLY IN MAY.

It contains a Tale of thrilling interest, entitled, "To Call Her Mine," written expressly for the Holiday Number by Mr. Walter Besant, profusely illustrated by Messrs. A. Forester and G. Mortbard.

Two Coloured Pictures, "Butterflies," by J. M. Bowdett, and "Honeysuckles," by B. Anderson, presented Gratis.

This Holiday Number, consisting of Two Sheets and a Half and Two Coloured Pictures, is included in a Handsome Wrapper. Price One Shilling. By Inland Parcels Post, Threepence extra.

WRECK OF A CHANNEL STEAMER.

A sad disaster occurred in the Channel at early morning on Wednesday week. One of the Newhaven and Dieppe steamboats, the Victoria, with ninety-four passengers, was wrecked on the rocks at Cape Ailly, Varengeville, nine miles west of Dieppe. It was a little after four o'clock in the morning: there was a thick fog; and the vessel, which had left Newhaven shortly before midnight, had missed her course to Dieppe. There is a French lighthouse on the cliff at Cape Ailly, with a steam foghorn, which was out of order, and failed to give warning. When the shock was felt, the passengers crowded on deck; the water pouring over the fore part caused a panic, and they rushed aft, making great confusion. The commander, Captain John Clark, had the four boats lowered; but the first boat, on the port quarter of the steamer, being filled with people, capsized from an accident in lowering, and eleven persons were drowned. It is believed others were drowned in the vessel when she sank. The other boats got safe to shore with the remainder of the passengers and of the crew. The officers, servants, and seamen, who numbered thirty, seem to have behaved well. The derangement in lowering the first boat is ascribed to a woman's shawl having got entangled in a pulley-block of the ropes at the davit, and to the fore-tackle of the boat getting unhooked by a blow from a high wave. When the people were struggling in the water, life-belts, seats, coops, and other things were thrown to them, but only four or five could save themselves. The steamer sank in about half an hour. It is not certainly known how many lives were lost; but among them were Mrs. Swift, of Hanley, and three of her children, Mr. and Mrs. Towers Brown, Dr. F. O'Meara, Miss Hunter, Mrs. Lacroix, of Brighton, and several French passengers, besides seamen in the boat; some bodies were cast up on shore. The number of the missing added to those known to have perished is twenty-six. Sixty persons, with the Captain, landed safe at Dieppe; thirty-seven at Fécamp, and others at St. Valéry-en-Caux; the current along the coast running very strong, it was hard work for hours to bring the boats to those places. The Victoria was a paddle-steamer, of 584 tons burden, constructed of steel by Messrs. John Elder and Co., of Glasgow, in 1878, and belonged to the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company. Our illustration of the wreck, as it appeared lying on the rocks, is from a photograph by Mr. Parkinson, of Dieppe; and the sketches on our front page are from materials supplied by witnesses of the disaster.

MAYOR'S BADGES, JUBILEE GIFTS.

The town of Mossley, nine or ten miles from Manchester to the east, beyond Ashton-under-Lyne, is situated in three counties—Lancashire, Cheshire, and Yorkshire. It has lately been incorporated as a municipal borough. To commemorate this event, as well as the Jubilee year of the Queen's reign, the present Mayor and the ex-Mayor, Mr. John Mayall, J.P., have presented the Corporation with a chain and badge to be worn by the Mayors in future. These articles have been manufactured by Messrs. Elkington and Co. The chain is of gold, and consists of seventeen shields; five are enamelled, in proper heraldic colours, displaying the letter M; three bear the arms of the three counties; others display the monogram of the donor, Mr. Mayall, and the arms of his family. Appended to the chain is the Jubilee jewel, which exhibits the Royal arms and a portrait of the Queen, surrounded by the words, "Her Majesty Queen Victoria's Jubilee year, 1887." On the back is an inscription recording the gift. The badge is a very fine specimen of modern jewellers' art, and represents the borough arms in coloured enamel.

The Jubilee of Queen Victoria will likewise be commemorated far away in the city of Perth, West Australia, by adorning its Mayor with a magnificent badge and collar, which has been manufactured in Clerkenwell by the old firm of John Brown and Sons, Newcastle-place. The collar is formed of sixteen large swans, made of silver oxidised, suggestive of the Black Swan River. The badge, which is circular, four inches and a half in diameter, displays the arms of the city, beautifully enamelled in proper colours on a shield. These are a St. George's Cross in red enamel on white ground, in a quartering of which is a black swan, beneath four stars (the Southern Cross) in diamonds. Above the badge is an Imperial crown, and beneath it, on a ribbon, the word "Floreat." The whole is of standard silver, and weighs nearly sixty ounces. The present Mayor is Mr. George Shenton, who has held this office several years. The badge and chain will be used in future as the ordinary municipal decoration.

The Duke of Devonshire, who on the 27th of this month will enter on his eightieth year, is in such good health that on Sunday morning he attended service at Cartmel Priory Church, and walked back to Holker Hall, a distance of nearly two miles.

Lord Rosebery presided on Tuesday over a meeting of the stewards of the People's Palace for East London, when it was resolved to open a special subscription list, to be called the Queen's Fund, with the object of raising £25,000 to complete the scheme.

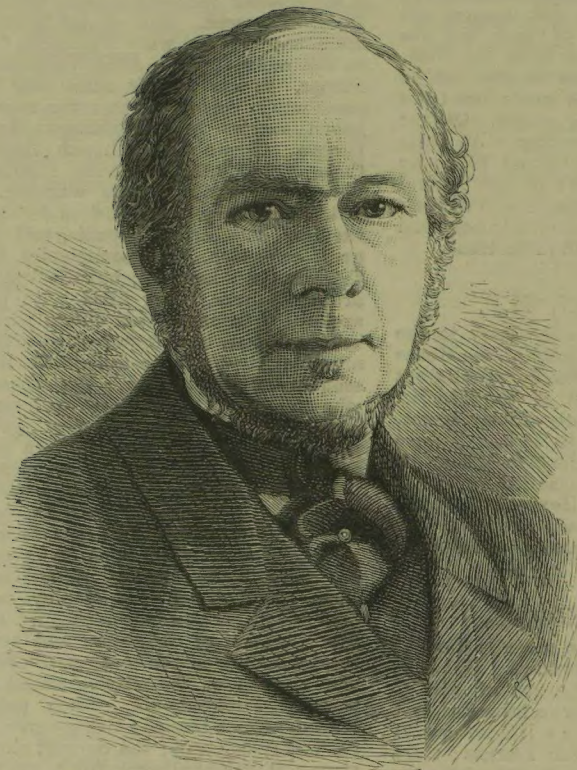
The "Royal Bluebook" is published by Messrs. Gardiner and Son, of Princes-street, revised and corrected. The stout little volume comprises as heretofore both town and country residence of nobility and gentry, with a local arrangement in conformity with the postal districts for the convenience of visitors and canvassers.

The new edition of Webster's "Red Book," the well-known Court and fashionable register, is published by Messrs. Webster and Co., revised and corrected to a recent period. It comprises the usual double alphabetical arrangement by names and streets, together with much miscellaneous information useful to visitors and canvassers.

Carefully revised, so as to include notice of all change, to the eve of publication, the seventeenth annual issue of the "City of London Directory" for the current year has made its appearance, the publishers being Messrs. W. H. and L. Collingridge. A coloured map accompanies the volume, completing its value as a work of reference.

Messrs. Alexander Thom and Co., of Dublin, have issued their "Official Directory of the United Kingdom" for 1887, this being the forty-fourth annual publication. This well-known book of reference gives, in one volume, trustworthy information on most subjects of public interest, the part of the directory devoted to Ireland containing valuable material not to be found elsewhere.

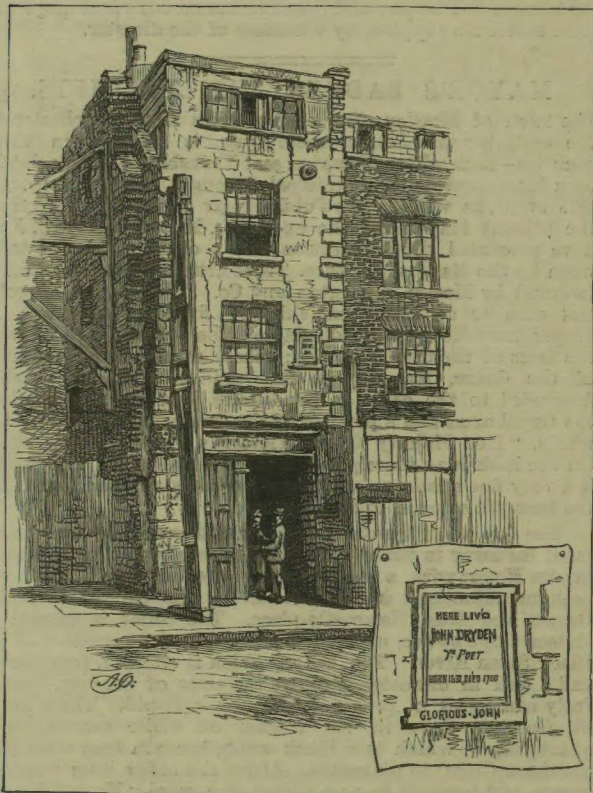
At Epsom Spring Meeting on Tuesday the Duke of Beaufort's The Cob carried off the Great Metropolitan Stakes; Mr. D. Baird's Doubleton won the Great Surrey Handicap; the Duke of Portland's Saltpetre took the Westminster Stakes; Baron De Tully's Agnes Peel colt won the Betchworth Plate; and Lord Willoughby de Broke's Oliver Twist the Prince of Wales Stakes. The City and Suburban, the principal race on Wednesday, was won by Merry Duchess, Carlton being second, and Castor third.



THE LATE RIGHT HON. C. N. NEWDEGATE.



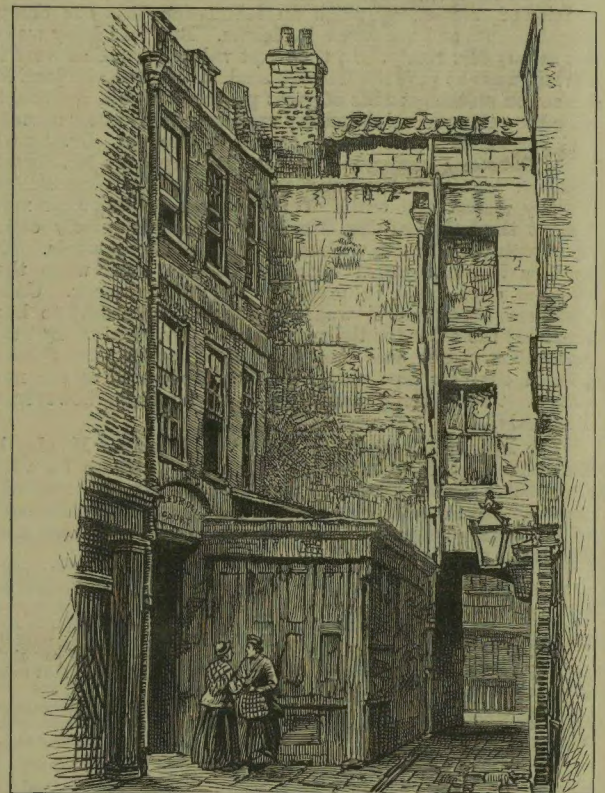
THE LATE MAJOR A. H. S. NEILL.



THE HOUSE OF JOHN DRYDEN, IN FETTER-LANE, NOW BEING DEMOLISHED.



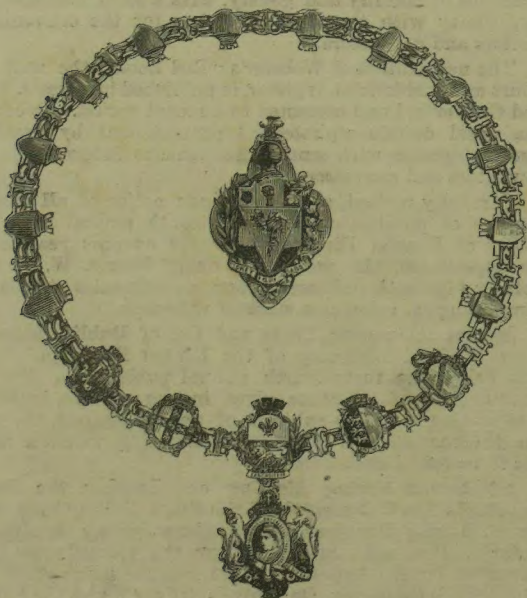
COLONEL KING-HARMAN, M.P.,
THE NEW UNDER-SECRETARY FOR IRELAND.



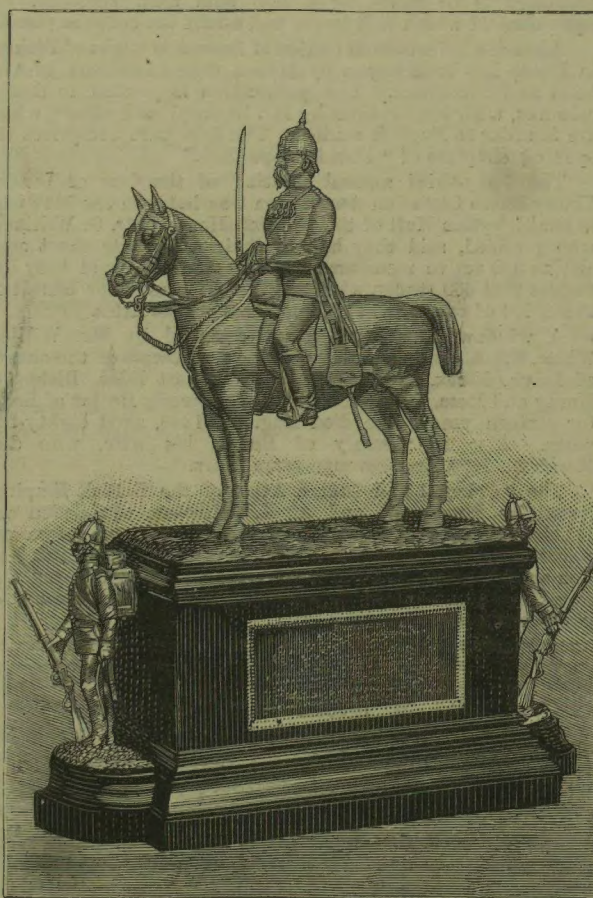
BACK OF DRYDEN'S HOUSE,
IN FETTER-LANE.

The demolition of an old house in Fetter-lane, upon which the inscribed tablet bears witness that it was once the residence of Dryden, removes one of the few remaining antiquarian relics of a period, nearly two centuries ago, when most of the "men of wit about town," especially the professional authors, inhabited the narrow streets and courts north of Temple-bar and the upper part of Fleet-street. Dryden and Otway, rival dramatists, but friendly companions, lived directly opposite each other in Fetter-lane. Otway called one morning at breakfast-time, and was told that Dryden was out—he had gone to breakfast with the Earl of Pembroke. The poet of "Venice Preserved" said he would call again; he did

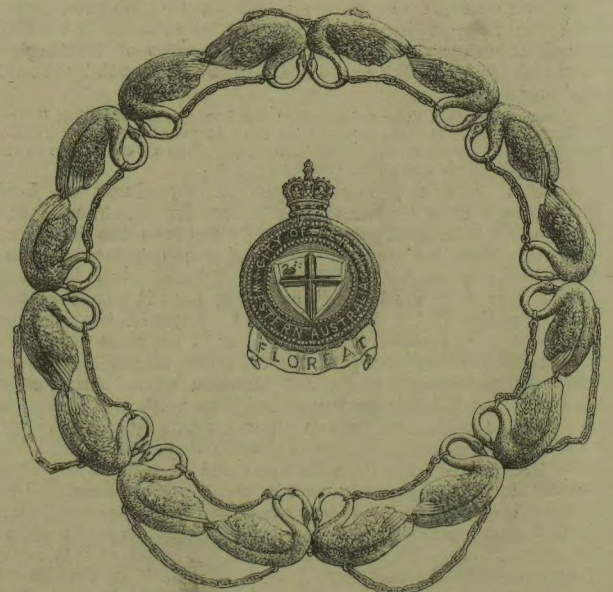
so, and was informed that Dryden was gone to see the Duke of Buckingham. A little disappointed, but not mortified with jealousy, Otway took a piece of chalk that lay on the table, stepped outside the front door, and wrote upon it, what was true and kindly meant, "Here lives Dryden, a poet and a wit." Presently, Dryden came home, saw the writing, then took the chalk, and added a second line, "This was written by Otway, *opposite*." It was certainly a rude piece of verse, for such a masterly hand; but we do not like to believe that Otway took offence at the joke, as intended to signify that *he* was the opposite to a poet and wit. Dryden's publisher, Jacob Tonson, had a shop near the Inner Temple gate.



CHAIN AND BADGE FOR THE MAYOR OF MOSSLEY.



TESTIMONIAL TO COLONEL AIKEN,
4TH BATTALION MIDDLESEX REGIMENT.



MAYOR'S BADGE AND COLLAR, PERTH, WEST AUSTRALIA.



THE PACHA'S SLAVE.



THE CHANNEL STEAMER VICTORIA ON THE ROCKS AT CAPE AILLY, NEAR DIEPPE.



DISCOVERING HIDDEN ARMS IN A GREEK CONVENT AT BAGNA, EASTERN ROUMELIA.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

One of the most favourable signs of our times is the extent to which charity is taking the form of education, and of other methods of improving character, and so attempting to prevent, rather than merely endeavouring to amend, vice and misery. It is well, certainly, to aid the fallen to rise, but it is better to prevent the slip. It is good to relieve distress, but it is better to cultivate that thrift, foresight, industry, and sobriety which will, to a considerable extent, guard against the entry of the dread wolf Want into the humblest home. Temperance organisations to reclaim the drunkard are valuable, but yet more important are efforts to afford men some other place of refuge and recreation than the drink-shop, at which buying the means of intoxication is made practically the condition of admission.

Working men's clubs are supposed by some persons to fulfil the last-named office; but this is, unhappily, a mistake in many cases. The thousands of energetic temperance workers of our sex who are fighting against the great curse of excessive drinking ought to have their attention drawn to the mischievous character of those dens, which, under the name of "clubs," are multiplying so rapidly in our midst. It is precisely one of those questions in which women will have to move, as it is an evil which can only be touched by legislation, and members of Parliament are certain not to touch it till they are compelled. The managers of the wretched places commonly keep up some kind of political organisation as a means of adding to the attractions of their shops, and thus they are able to put pressure on members of Parliament, who are mostly nervously afraid of offending any compact and organised bodies of voters. Yet it is a fact that a considerable proportion of these "clubs" are merely the private speculations of individuals, who provide house, plant, fixtures, and stock, and who make their profit out of the sale of the drink as much as the publican makes his; and a considerable proportion, again, are mortgaged, or in heavy debt to the brewer, and are as much his property as his licensed houses. Thus they are essentially public-houses, where the sale of drink is pushed for profit, differing only in being freed from the restraints placed by wise legislation on beer-shops and gin-palaces.

The men who frequent clubs pay a small subscription for "membership"—sometimes only a penny or two weekly. There is nominally a committee of management elected from amongst the members. Thus protected against the licensing laws, the man who speculates in the sale of the drink is able to keep open to any hour at night that his customers please to remain drinking; and also to sell liquor during the closed time of the public-houses on Sundays. In some of these places girls are behind the bar; and the poor creatures are kept up serving drink till two or three o'clock in the morning. Women are allowed to drink with the men in some clubs. The police have no right of entry, and there is no license to be endorsed; and, accordingly, there is no obligation on the part of their conductors to preserve order or to mitigate intoxication. Let me most carefully explain that in a great number of instances workmen's clubs are really well managed; and made, by the aid of lectures, discussions, libraries, and reading-rooms, chess clubs, gymnastic societies, and other means, real boons to those who belong to them. But the members and organisers of such well-managed institutions would be the first to agree with me that the strong hand of the law should regulate the evil dens of drink and destruction usurping the same title, where men are allowed to drink till the morning light sees them reeling home to their wretched wives, to spend an entire Sunday swallowing in poison the previous week's wages, and to mix with the worst of company. Every reason which exists for licensing and supervising drink-shops called public-houses exists for regulating drink-shops called clubs. Homes are ruined, and wives' hearts are broken, and children are starved, and men are slaughtered, as much by all-night drinking and by permitted drunkenness in the one sort of place as in the other. The temperance ladies should take this matter into their consideration; men, absorbed in party politics, are hardly likely to move about it.

Bournemouth, where I have spent the Easter holiday, has been very bright with sunshine, notwithstanding the cold winds, and has been full of company. Sir Henry and Lady Rawlinson, Sir Brydges and Lady Henniker, and Lady Decies, have been amongst those whom I have noticed. A course of lectures arranged by Mr. Wall Richards has proved a great attraction this winter, the concluding lecture being given in Easter week. Mr. Manning, the Secretary of the United States, is here, in company with Mr. Jordan, the Treasurer of the United States. I saw Miss Manning buying liberally from Lady Londesborough's stall at a pretty bazaar held at Lyndhurst, to which I drove over. There was an interesting display of Eastern embroidery, and the usual plain and fancy needlework. The greatest novelty that I noticed was a collection of green leather frogs, made in excellent shape with legs and eyes complete, and mounted, as combined paper-weight and pen-wipers, on crimson cloth, with a leaden weight stitched into its centre. Easter eggs of white wood, prettily hand-painted, were a new idea too. Lady Codrington and Lady Sitwell took part in the bazaar.

In Mrs. Arthur Kennard's new "Life of Mrs. Siddons," which I have just been reading, there is one of the prettiest little compliments possible from the great actress's husband to his famous wife. All does not appear to have been quite smooth between the pair, though they never openly quarrelled. But in those days the entire earnings of a woman were in her husband's power; and Siddons seems to have amused himself by speculating with his wife's money, and showing himself as incapable of keeping as he was of making her fortune. But she bore it with equanimity; and he was, on the whole, it seems, attentive and appreciative in his relations with her. He wrote her a little set of verses, in the very last year of his life, in which he gaily describes, with a good deal of fancy, her tiny country house, which was on the spot where the Great Western Station now stands at Paddington. There is "the poplar walk, will take a minute's time to step it," and the lawn, which can be shaven with one stroke of a razor; and the pleasure grounds, where in six strides "you're close against the mansion"; and "the mansion, cottage, house, or hut," which has room "to lodge the King of Lilliput, but not his court, nor yet his Queen." Then it ends with the well-turned phrase, which has so caught my fancy:—

Perhaps you'll cry, on hearing this,
"What! everything so very small?"
No! she that makes it what it is
Has greatness that makes up for all!

The man who could turn so pretty a compliment after thirty-two years' wearing the "crown, matrimonial" deserved the faithful affection of his consort, and almost to be allowed to waste her money. This new "Life" is very interesting.

F. F.-M.

There was an enormous importation of primroses into London on Tuesday to meet the demand for Primrose Day celebrations.

THE COURT.

The Queen is still at Aix-les-Bains. Her Majesty remained indoors on Thursday morning last week, the weather being very wet. In the afternoon, however, her Majesty took a short drive, accompanied by Princess Beatrice. This being the birthday of Princess Beatrice, she received numerous bouquets, including one specially sent from Cannes by the Queen's order, and another from Prince Henry of Battenberg. On Friday morning the Queen drove out in the Marlioz Gardens, Princess Beatrice accompanying her on foot; and in the afternoon her Majesty and Princess Beatrice drove to Trevignin. Accompanied by Lady Southampton, the Queen took a short drive in the neighbourhood of Aix-les-Bains last Saturday morning, while Princess Beatrice went out for a walk with the Hon. Harriet Phipps. In the afternoon her Majesty and Princess Beatrice, in the teeth of a piercing northerly gale, and in an open carriage, made a long excursion to La Chambotte, about ten miles from Aix. It is a singularly advantageous spot for an extensive view of Lake Bourget and the mountains of Savoy and Switzerland. Its summit cannot be reached in a carriage; but her Majesty's donkey-chair had been sent on, and in this the Queen made the ascent, while the Princess climbed on foot. It was seven o'clock before the Royal party returned home. Princess Louise arrived on a visit to the Queen. Her Majesty, accompanied by the Princess and suite, attended service on Sunday morning at the English church, where the Rev. Messrs. Ackhurst and M'Anally officiated. Princess Beatrice, accompanied by the Hon. Harriet Phipps, afterwards walked in the grounds. In the afternoon Dr. and Madame Brachet and Dr. and Madame Blanc were presented to the Queen, who subsequently drove out, accompanied by Princess Beatrice. The Queen received with much sorrow the news of the death of Mr. Augustus Savile, whom her Majesty had recently visited. Mr. Savile had placed at the Queen's disposal his house, the Villa Edelweiss, which her Majesty occupied during her stay at Cannes, where she went for the purpose of visiting the Villa Nevada, the house where the lamented Prince Leopold expired. There was a delightful change in the weather at Aix-les-Bains on Monday morning, and the day was one of unbroken sunshine. The Queen and the Princesses drove and walked in the morning, and at luncheon-time the band of the 97th Regiment, from Chambéry, played in the villa gardens. The Queen and the Princesses again drove around Lake Bourget in the afternoon. Her Majesty sent for Captain Rutherford Lumley, one of the Foreign Service messengers, and had several minutes' conversation with him. In the evening the gardens surrounding the Villa Mottet and the Hôtel de l'Europe were illuminated with small oil-lamps and Chinese lanterns, and presented a very fairy-like scene. The Queen and the Princesses viewed the illuminations from the balcony of the villa. Accompanied by the two Princesses, the Queen drove and walked on Tuesday morning in the neighbourhood of Moux. Princess Beatrice afterwards went for a walk. In the afternoon, her Majesty and the two Princesses made a long excursion to Col du Chat, not returning till late in the evening. By the Queen's command, a wreath of primroses was placed on Lord Beaconsfield's grave at Hughenden on Tuesday, the anniversary of his Lordship's death. The Queen has written an autograph letter to the Rev. W. W. Tulloch, expressing her Majesty's deep concern at hearing the news of the death of his mother, the widow of the late Principal Tulloch. Her Majesty has also, through Sir Henry Ponsonby, signified her intention of continuing the pension granted to Mrs. Tulloch to the unmarried daughters.

It is stated on authority that the Queen will hold Drawing-rooms at Buckingham Palace on Tuesday, May 10, and Wednesday, May 18.

The Duke of Cambridge, arrived at Sandringham yesterday week, on a visit to the Prince and Princess of Wales; and on Saturday last, Lord Cross and Mr. W. H. Smith arrived at Sandringham. Their Royal Highnesses, accompanied by Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud of Wales, and the Duke of Cambridge, attended Divine service at the Church of St. Mary Magdalene in the Park on Sunday morning. The service was conducted by the Rev. F. Hervey, domestic chaplain to the Prince of Wales and chaplain-in-ordinary to the Queen, assisted by the Rev. W. Rogers, Rector of St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate, who preached the sermon. The Prince arrived at Marlborough House on Monday from Sandringham. His Royal Highness went to the House of Lords in the afternoon. On Tuesday the Prince left Victoria Station for Epsom Downs.

The King of the Belgians, who was attended by Baron Henri Solvyns, the Belgian Ambassador, was present in the House of Commons on Thursday week, and occupied a seat in the gallery over the clock while Sir L. Playfair and Mr. Ritchie were speaking on the Criminal Law Amendment (Ireland) Bill. His Majesty, who had been staying at the Hôtel Métropole, returned to Brussels next day, attended by Count d'Oultremont.

PLOTS OF INSURRECTION IN BULGARIA.

The Provisional Government or Regency of Bulgaria, including Eastern Roumelia, has had to exercise continual vigilance in detecting and suppressing plots of insurrection, notoriously instigated by Russian agents, in different parts of those countries. An incident of which one of our Artists furnishes an illustration is the discovery of concealed rifles and other weapons on the premises of a Greek convent near Risanio. The scene exhibited in this Sketch almost tells its own story: the calm firmness of the military officer, who has placed a guard at the door, and who superintends the search, while sternly reproving the monks for their treasonable conduct; the evident discomfort of those reverend fathers, striving in vain to keep up an appearance of dignified reserve, and professing their entire innocence, but with a conscious weakness and sense of guiltiness, ill-beseeming their stately ecclesiastical attire; and the ruthless diligence of the soldiers in their task of routing out the store of contraband instruments of warfare—these dramatic elements of the transaction are forcibly rendered. The prolonged condition of uneasiness regarding the preservation of peace and legal order in Bulgaria has an injurious effect on the prosperity of that nation. An attempt last week to assassinate M. Mantoff, the Prefect of Rustchuk, has roused fresh indignation. All that is now demanded by the Regents and the people is the nomination of a ruling Prince whom the Foreign Powers could agree to propose for election, and who would not use his authority to make Bulgaria a mere Russian province.

M. Chauffat, who remained so long asleep at the restaurant in Greek-street, was on Saturday last removed to the French Hospital in Leicester-square. He has much improved in appearance during the last few days.

In our notice of the late Bishop Titcomb we referred to his published works. From the list was omitted his most recent work, "A Message to the Church from the Nineteenth Century," the final proof-sheets of which he revised only a week previous to his death. It is published, by Messrs. Banks.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The Irish Probate, granted at Dublin, of the will (dated Aug. 30, 1881), with two codicils (dated Jan. 19, 1883, and Nov. 5, 1885), of the Right Hon. William Willoughby, Earl of Enniskillen, late of Florence Court, county of Fermanagh, who died on Nov. 12 last, to the Right Hon. Lowry Egerton, Earl of Enniskillen, the son, one of the executors, was resealed in London on the 2nd inst., the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland exceeding £18,000. The testator bequeaths King William's trunk, mustard-pot, and spurs to his said son, and he wishes them to be held as heirlooms by his successors in the Earldom; £300 to the representative body of the Church of Ireland, for the sustentation fund of the parish of Killisher, in the diocese of Kilmore, for the repairs of the churches of Killisher and Drumaniskill; £200 to the fund established for the widows and orphans of Orangemen; £100 to the Protestant Orphan Society of the county of Fermanagh; and there are bequests to his wife and daughters and to others. His real estate at West Dean and West Grinstead, Sussex, he settles on his said son, and he leaves him the residue of his personal estate.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of office of the Commissariat of the county of Edinburgh, of the disposition and settlement (dated Sept. 26, 1883) of Mr. George Freeland Barbour, of Bonkskied, in the county of Perth, and of No. 11, George-square, Edinburgh, who died on Jan. 15 last, granted to Mrs. Margaret Fraser Barbour, the widow and executrix nominate, was resealed in London on the 6th inst., the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland, amounting to upwards of £454,000.

The will (dated June 11, 1885) of Mr. Alfred Arkwright, late of Wirksworth, Derbyshire, who died, on Jan. 19 last, at Scarborough, was proved at the Derby District Registry on the 28th ult. by Frederic Charles Arkwright, Gerrard Andrews Wigram, and John Wigram, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £165,000. The testator bequeaths £5000 to each of his daughters, Miss Emily Elizabeth Arkwright and Mrs. Julia Helen Legard; £20,000, upon trust, for his said daughter Emily Elizabeth; his plate, plated goods, and jewellery between his said two daughters; his wines and consumable stores to his daughter Emily Elizabeth; £3000 to each of his grandchildren; £2000 to his son-in-law, James Digby Legard; £500 to each of his executors; £100 to the Wirksworth Cottage Hospital; and legacies to his farming bailiff, butler, and domestic servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his said two daughters, in equal shares.

The will (dated Feb. 5, 1886), with a codicil (dated Feb. 8 following), of Mr. Stephen Ponder Kennard, J.P., D.L., late of No. 17, Kensington Palace-gardens, who died on Jan. 14 last, has been proved by Henry Steinmetz Kennard, the son, Henry Reginald Sperling, and Thomas Boyd, three of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £113,000. The testator bequeaths £500, and all his jewellery, wines, furniture, plate, pictures, books, musical instruments, effects, horses, carriages, and the live and dead stock at his principal residence, to his wife, Mrs. Emma Sarah Kennard, and an annuity of £2600, in addition to the amount she will receive under settlement; £300 to the West London Hospital, Hammersmith; and legacies to his coachman, butler, and other indoor and outdoor servants, and others. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he leaves one equal fourth part to his said son; and one equal fourth part, upon trust, for each of his three daughters—Mrs. Harriet Mary Sperling, Mrs. Laura Mary Elmhirst, and Mrs. Edith Charlotte Hegan.

The will (dated June 18, 1883), with a codicil (dated Oct. 15, 1886), of Mr. Samuel Brisco Sheward, late of No. 48, Green-street, Park-lane, who died on the 9th ult., was proved on the 2nd inst. by Mrs. Ellen Elizabeth Sheward, the widow, George Sheward Brown, Thomas Simey, and George Herbert Simey, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £85,000. The testator leaves £500 to his wife's nephew, George Sheward Brown, and a further sum of £30,000, upon trust, for him; £20,000, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then, upon further trust, for the said George Sheward Brown; and the residue of his real and personal estate to his wife.

The will (dated Nov. 8, 1884) of Miss Frances Marsh, late of Blackburn House, Southgate, who died on Feb. 26 last, was proved on the 21st ult. by John Dennis Rock and Edward Guard Rock, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £13,000. The testatrix bequeaths £100 each to the Church Missionary Society, the Bible Society, the London City Mission, and the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews; £50 each to the Irish Church Missions and the Society for the Relief of Poor Pious Clergy of the Church of England; and legacies to relatives and others. She appoints her sister, Miss Maria Marsh, residuary legatee.

The will (dated March 14, 1884) of Mrs. Harriet Kemp, late of No. 259, York-street, Cheetham, Manchester, who died on Jan. 29 last, was proved, at the Manchester District Registry, on the 16th ult., by Robert Leigh and William Allen Russell, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £13,000. The testatrix bequeaths £1000 each to the Victoria Wesleyan Chapel, Cheetham, and the Worn-out Wesleyan Ministers, and Ministers' Widows' Auxiliary Fund; £500 to the Wesleyan Missionary Society, for foreign missions; and her executors are directed to set apart such sums as will produce £101 per annum, which is to be applied in the payment of the ground rent of the said Victoria Wesleyan Chapel. There are some other legacies, and the residue of her pure personality she leaves for the purpose of providing ministers' houses in connection with the said chapel.

The will (dated Dec. 21, 1885) of Mr. James John Lonsdale, D.L., Recorder of Folkestone, formerly County Court Judge for West Kent, late of The Cottage, Sandgate, who died on Nov. 11 last, was proved on the 17th ult. by Mrs. Prudentia Sarah Jefferson Lonsdale, the widow, and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £10,000. The testator bequeaths the portrait of Heath, the eminent engraver, by his father, and the marble bust of his father, by Bailey, to the National Portrait Gallery; and legacies to relatives, including his step-daughter, and the children of his late step-daughter, servants, and others. His freehold estate at Sandgate and the residue of his property he gives to his wife.

"Hazell's Annual Cyclopædia," edited by E. D. Price, F.G.S., for the current year includes a number of articles on such topics of political, social, and general interest as are continually being referred to by the Press and in daily conversation.

The present edition (being the fourteenth) of "May's British and Irish Press Guide" has been carefully revised from information supplied direct by the proprietors of the respective publications, and is thoroughly trustworthy. It is published at 159, Piccadilly.—Messrs. Shelley and Co., of 5, Leadenhall-street, E.C., have published a "Complete Press Directory," containing valuable additional information of a commercial nature.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

The monotony of the Easter theatrical season will alone be relieved by the glow of the "Red Lamp," produced, however, at the Comedy Theatre, by Mr. Beerbohm Tree, too late for special comment in this column this week. The secret of the authorship, in these days of gossip and news in advance, has been wonderfully well kept, and it was not until the curtain had fallen that curiosity was satisfied. It were well if this wholesome and sensible custom were more general than it is. To announce an author's name beforehand is inevitably to raise a prejudice against his play, and to encourage that carping, cavilling, and envious spirit in the stalls that prejudices in advance the success of the best play ever written, whilst it does injustice to the performers, who are doing their best under circumstances of exceptional difficulty. Lucky author, indeed, who, in these days of severe competition, has not, often innocently enough, made enemies or provoked controversy. The controversialists are in no minority on first nights, and secretly encourage the pleasant amusement of "author-baiting," which has recently provoked so much comment. An author now-a-days who has failed to satisfy or amuse the public, or whose work has suffered from indifferent rehearsals, or misconception of idea on the part of his interpreters, is hooted and howled at as if he were a murderer or a woman-beater. The old fury of the pillory is revived in order to shower upon his head the yells and execrations that greet a cowardly assassin. How it is that any author, be his play successful or not, can ever accede to any call for his appearance after the treatment to which authors are subjected, passes my comprehension. In nine cases out of ten the calls are not complimentary, but derisive. What had poor Mr. Mark Melford done to be treated so scandalously as he appears to have been treated at the Royalty last Saturday night, merely because his play called "Ivy" was not a particularly good one, or, rather, because the humorous faculties of Mr. Edouin and Miss Alice Atherton were not very judiciously managed? It was humiliating enough, no doubt, to the poor fellow to have discovered he had made a mistake, without the necessity of enforcing the cowardly practice—once un-English—of hitting a man when he is down. Mr. Mark Melford is a clever young writer; he has written good plays; he has often amused the public; there was not one line or sentiment in his play that could be construed as offensive to his audience—and yet he was treated as if he were a malefactor! But when women, innocent women and strangers, are subjected to the same kind of insult—who can have forgotten Miss Emily Rigl, standing on the Haymarket stage in tears, while an English gallery yelled at her?—it is not to be expected that unsuccessful authors will be treated with much generosity. The American people, with greater courtesy and consideration, go out of the theatre when they do not like a play. They do not, men and women alike, stay behind chuckling at the sight of a wretched, depressed gentleman making faint attempts to bow and smile whilst the theatre is yelling at his discomfiture. All this could easily be avoided if we would adopt the French practice of announcing the name of the author, if it were wanted, when the play is over. The name of a successful writer would be received with cheers, that of the unfortunate one would be charitably buried in oblivion.

"Madame Favart," a tuneful and delightful opera, has been very successfully revived at the Avenue, and will prove a wholesale corrective to some rather reckless and ill-disciplined foolery that is accepted in some circles as clever, and is considered artistic. The return of Miss Florence St. John is very welcome, for, besides being gifted with a sweet and expressive voice, she understands the rare art of singing. In this opera also both Mr. Ashley and Mr. Arthur Roberts have material to work at that is not always supplied by themselves, whereby their humour is not concealed but brought further into prominence in a thoroughly legitimate manner. Miss Phyllis Broughton dances with her accustomed charm, and though perhaps it is not exactly the Madame Favart that we have seen, it is a very pleasant and amusing entertainment.

Mrs. Bernard Beere has taken the Opéra Comique for a summer season in order to produce a dramatic version of "Asin a Looking-Glass," a book that has caused some stir in society, and gained its author—Mr. Phillips—considerable fame. The heroine, Mrs. Despard, is drawn or supposed to be drawn from a character well known in society; but whether this fact will increase the value of the story as a play remains to be seen. The realism that is rampant in light literature is not likely to be kept off the stage without a struggle. When novelists paint "from the nude" with somewhat questionable taste, and when stories are admitted into daily newspapers containing real names, real scenes, real incidents, emphasising the horror of divorce court publications under the guise of fiction, we may be sure that the Examiner of Plays will be compelled to have his eyes and wits about him in the immediate future. On the other hand, it is more than likely that the story of society that Mrs. Beere will produce will be dramatised with scrupulous care. Scenes described in a novel are often harmless enough; when realised before an audience they become painful. If no heroine were to be permitted to be perverse, wicked, weak, or misguided, we should leave our dramatic literature in a very mild and milk-and-water condition. But, at the same time, the realists, bold and determined as they are, must see that there is a vast difference between a Camille, a Helle, a Frou-Frou, or even a Phèdre and the modern monster that M. Zola has recently introduced to the Parisian stage, to the disgust even of Parisian first-nighters. Admirable dialogue, perfect French, wit, epigram, and almost matchless grace of style may excuse a Francillon; but what shall we say of the dramatisation of "La Curée"—or, in other words, the offal of a disembowelled stag that is flung to the hungry dogs after hunting!

C. S.

To-day (Saturday) Mr. Irving begins his revivals of popular plays with "The Bells" and "Jingle," which two pieces will continue in the bill till May 14, Friday evenings only excepted; as on every Friday night during the season "Faust" will continue to be played.

The morning performance of Mr. Calmoun's new play of "The Amber Heart," in which Miss Ellen Terry is to appear, will take place at the Lyceum Theatre on Tuesday, June 7, instead of at the Haymarket Theatre, as was previously announced.

Mr. James Mortimer's new comedy, "The Alderman," postponed in consequence of the closing of the Criterion Theatre during Easter week, will be definitively produced at a Criterion matinée next Friday, April 29. Mr. Mortimer has been so fortunate as to secure a very fine cast for his comedy.

The State apartments of Windsor Castle are closed until further orders.

On Tuesday night the annual festival of the Royal National Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest, situated at Ventnor, Isle of Wight, was held in the Whitehall Rooms of the Hôtel Métropole, under the presidency of the Duke of Cambridge. In response to his Royal Highness's appeal, subscriptions to the amount of £2400 were announced.

MUSIC.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The specialty of this week was to have been the production of "Leila," an Italian version of the late George Bizet's "Les Pêcheurs de Perles," but, owing to the necessity for further rehearsal, the event was postponed to yesterday (Friday) evening. "Lucia di Lammermoor" having been substituted, with Mdlle. Fohstrom again in the title-character, Signor Caylus as Edgardo (for the first time here), and Signor De Anna as Enrico. The lady sang with the same bright vocalisation as before, Signor Caylus improved on the impression previously made by him, and Signor De Anna gave his music with great effect. Signor Logheder conducted.

As stated last week, the first appearance of Madame Emma Nevada was postponed to Saturday, when it took place in "La Sonnambula." The young lady is an American who appeared in the same character at Her Majesty's Theatre in 1880, since when she has sung with enhanced effect in various localities, having made a very favourable impression by her brilliant bravura singing at the Norwich Festival of 1884. Her performance last week was a great success, her bright and extensive soprano voice, refined style, and brilliant execution having been admirably displayed in Bellini's tuneful music. Her delivery of Amina's opening cavatina, and that of the bravura aria at the close of the opera, were fine displays of florid and ornate vocalisation. In several passages of the music of the bed-room and sleep-walking scenes, Madame Nevada also manifested genuine tenderness and pathos. Signor Carnelli, who made his début as Elvino, appeared to be suffering both from nervousness and indisposition, and will, therefore, be more fairly judged after a future essay. Signor De Vascetti's sonorous voice told well in the music of Count Rodolfo, other characters requiring no specific mention. Signor Le Calsi conducted on this occasion.

Other recent performances consisted of repetitions of operas with some changes from the previous casts. Signor Caylus has appeared as the Duke in "Rigoletto" and José in "Carmen," and Signor De Anna in the title-character of the former opera, as Escamillo in the latter instance, and as Valentino in "Faust" last Monday, when Madame Minnie Hauk suddenly replaced Mdlle. Nordica as Margherita, in which character the first-named lady repeated an excellent performance, which was among the several successes of her past seasons here.

The postponement of "Leila" has altered this week's arrangements. On Wednesday there was no performance, the début of Mdlle. Cornelia Meysenheym as Rosina in "Il Barbiere di Siviglia"—promised for that evening—having been deferred to Monday next.

The thirty-first series of Saturday afternoon concerts at the Crystal Palace closed last week with the twentieth concert, the programme of which derived special importance from having included Beethoven's great "Leonora" overture, his choral symphony and choral fantasia, in which last piece Herr Kwast was the pianist. The usual supplemental concert for the benefit of Mr. Manns, the conductor, takes place this (Saturday) afternoon; a performance of "Carmen," by members of the Royal Italian Opera Company (including Madame Minnie Hauk), having been announced for Thursday afternoon, this week.

Sir Arthur Sullivan's dramatic cantata "The Golden Legend" was performed at a special concert last Saturday afternoon, by the Royal Albert Hall choral society—conducted by Mr. Barnby—for the second time by that institution. On the occasion now referred to, the arduous and important soprano solo music belonging to the character of Elsie was rendered, for the first time, by Mdlle. Nordica, whose success was so decided as to seem to promise her as good a career as a concert and oratorio singer as that which she has recently entered on here as a stage vocalist. The other principal soloists on Saturday were Madame Patey, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. W. Mills.

The third concert of the Philharmonic Society's seventy-fifth season took place on Thursday evening; too late for present notice. The programme included a new concerto composed by Gounod for the Piano-Pédalier, with Madame Palicot as the soloist.

One of Mr. William Carter's grand National Festival Concerts will take place this (Saturday) afternoon at the Royal Albert Hall, the occasion being in celebration of St. George's Day.

The second of the new series of concerts by Mr. Henry Leslie's choir will take place at St. James's Hall next Wednesday evening, when a very attractive programme will be rendered. Madame Albani, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. Santley are announced as solo vocalists.

Mr. Carl Rosa's new season of operatic performances in English will open at Drury-Lane Theatre next week (on Saturday). The prospectus of the Carl Rosa Opera Company, Limited, has just been issued, and the details therein furnished afford good grounds for belief in the prospects of success, artistic and financial. Mr. Rosa has laid a solid foundation for the establishment of a permanent national opera; and the new scheme will benefit by his continued co-operation, while a divided proprietary will relieve him of much of the exhausting labour which he has undergone since his first efforts at what has now been so triumphantly accomplished.

Mr. Isidore De Lara gave his fourth vocal recital (the last of the present series) on Tuesday afternoon at Steinway Hall.—On Thursday evening Signora Ortona, Madame Cockburn-Hood, and Herr Grevillius gave a concert at Prince's Hall.—Mr. Sinclair Dunn gave his seventh annual concert at St. James's Hall the same day.—A grand English festival will be given this (Saturday) evening, at the Albert Hall, in honour of St. George's Day, a host of celebrities taking part in it.

Mr. C. Royley announces his forty-second English concertina and ballad concert next Thursday evening, the 28th inst., at St. Andrew's Hall, Newman-street.—Count P. Loredan will give a pianoforte recital at Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, next Friday afternoon, the 29th inst., under the patronage of Princess Christian.—The Strolling Players' Amateur Orchestral Society announce a concert for next Saturday evening at St. James's Hall.

Mr. Robert Cocks, the principal of the eminent London firm of music publishers, died recently at the age of nearly ninety. His establishment dates from the year 1827, since when a vast number of publications have been issued, thereby including many of special and permanent value.

A distinguished company of ladies and gentlemen were entertained by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress at the Easter banquet at the Mansion House on Tuesday night.

The entertainment at Brompton Hospital on Tuesday evening (the last of the twentieth season) was given by Mr. Eustace Ponsonby, who was ably assisted by Miss Liddell, Miss Blair Oliphant, Miss E. Blair Oliphant, and Miss L. Blair Oliphant; Mr. Percival Clarke, Mr. Furse, and Mr. J. Z. Malcolm. There were many encores, including the songs by Mr. Percival Clarke, Hungarian dances (pianoforte, violins, and violoncello) by Miss Liddell and the Misses Blair Oliphant, and the comic songs by Mr. Eustace Ponsonby, which were imitatively given. There were also several plantation songs, which were delightfully sung, and heartily applauded.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE PARIS SALON.

The annual Exhibition of the Fine Arts in the French capital opens with the month of May, and will demand a critical notice of what may deserve particular remark in the merits or originality of the productions there displayed to public view. Like other affairs of this kind, in the contributions to which a large number of persons are naturally interested, its preparatory business is sure always to bring into play an eager pressure of more or less reasonable individual ambitions and pretensions, and to illustrate the various characters of those belonging to the large class of artistic candidates for popular favour, and for the remunerative patronage on which the profession of the painter or that of the sculptor is dependent for substantial support. Although, in France as in England, this must be a serious concern to members of those attractive professions, their common desire to get their works placed in "the Salon" is apt to be accompanied with humorous incidents, which have afforded material to our own Artist for a few amusing Sketches. The French spirit of social "cameraderie" is displayed by the presence of many of the artists' friends and personal allies gathering about the entrance door, watching for the arrival of their pictures or pieces of sculpture, occasionally cheering the appearance of those on behalf of which their partiality is enlisted, and sometimes, we are told, greeting those of rival artists with a significant low whistle, meant to indicate an opinion of their inferiority, and to have a depreciating effect. People are not so demonstrative in England with reference to their predilections in matters of art; in public, at any rate, there is among us no expression of great enthusiasm, and many visitors to the studios at the private view refrain from strong words of approval. The bringing in of the pictures, carried by sturdy fellows in blouses and caps, and the operations of measuring, numbering, and recording those collected for the judgment of what in London is called "the hanging committee," are performed with methodical regularity, as things are mostly managed in France. After the hanging of a picture on the wall, it may happen that the artist wishes to perfect his work by a few finishing touches, having, perhaps, been working against time, and even getting friends to assist him, that it might be ready to be sent in upon the appointed day. Several hands may thus be seen together finishing a large canvas. It is, of course, a lamentable misfortune to arrive too late for admission, which is the ill-luck of a sculptor with a bust that has cost him much labour, and he must console himself with the hope of better fortune upon another occasion. The figures in these Sketches are taken from life, and the portrait of M. Vigneron will be recognised by artists who are personally familiar with this department of Parisian life.

The Queen has given Mr. William Tyler a commission to execute a marble bust of the late Earl of Idlesleigh.

A Royal Commission has been issued to inquire into the relative values of the precious metals.

Mr. R. S. Ferguson has been appointed Chancellor of the Diocese of Carlisle, in succession to the late Rev. C. J. Burton.

The Rev. W. W. Jackson, M.A., Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford University, has been elected to be Rector of the college, in succession to the Rev. J. P. Lightfoot.

Mr. Eyre Pascoe's illustrated handbook for the season bearing the title "London of To-Day" is once more issued by Messrs. Sampson Low and Co., with special notifications of those arrangements for the present year in which visitors to London are especially interested. Altogether the book, with its numerous capital woodcuts, is as entertaining as it is full of useful information.

Messrs. Hurst and Blackett issue their fifty-sixth edition of "Lodge's Peerage and Baronetage." It includes, besides lists of Peers arranged in order of precedence and alphabetically, tables of precedence, cross references in the case of "index titles" borne by eldest sons, an index to the living daughters of Peers who have married commoners, the arms and mottoes of Peers, a list of the Archbishops and Bishops of England and Ireland, the Baronetage, alphabetically arranged, and lists of the several orders of Knighthood.

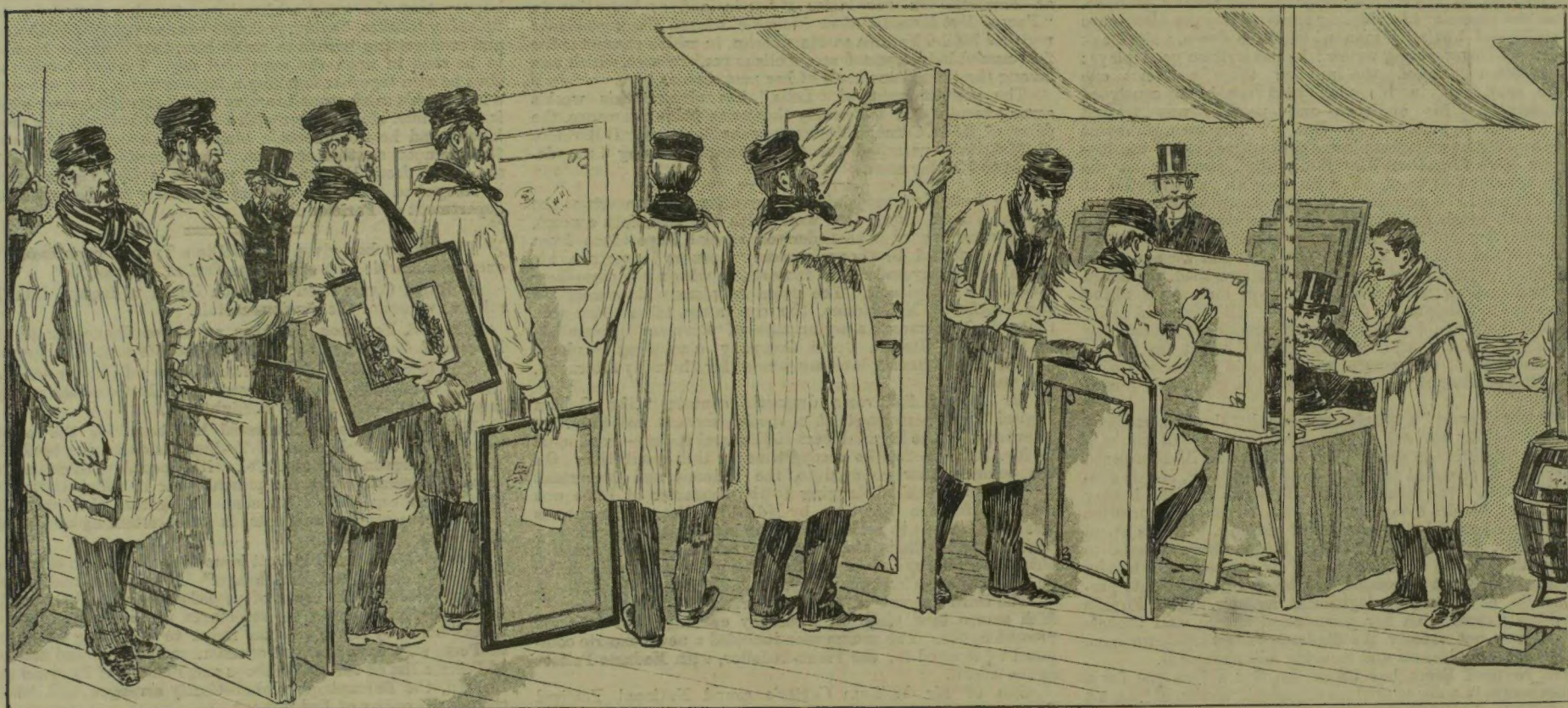
A biography with no index and few dates shows, we think, unpardonable neglect on the part of its authors. Charles Reade, Dramatist, Novelist, Journalist: A Memoir, by Charles L. Reade and the Rev. Compton Reade, two vols. (Chapman and Hall), is injured by these deficiencies, and by some more serious faults. In writing of a man like Charles Reade, who, with many noble qualities, combined some characteristics that were by no means noble, it would have been well to exercise some reticence and some judgment; but there are, we regret to say, few signs of these virtues. Faulty though the book may be, however, it is full of interest, and brings before us a striking personality. If Charles Reade was a great man, then he is no exception to the rule that mind is from the mother. Mrs. Reade was intellectual, ambitious, and strong-minded; but in some respects a very woman, fond of her own whims, and capricious in her affection. "Charles was her pet. When her other children came from school or college, she loved them for a day, tolerated them for a week, and then devoutly wished they were out of the house. Charles, however, was ever welcome; missed when absent, and adored when present." This scarcely agrees with the fact that Mrs. Reade sent her youngest boy to school at four years of age, and to a school presided over by a brutal master, whose chief instrument of instruction was the rod. And this the poor child had to endure for five years, when he was placed under a clergyman of a different stamp. At Oxford, we are told, he read voraciously, but not on Academic lines. Yet, although he only gained a third class in honours, he became a Fellow of Magdalen. In 1842—for once we have a date to guide us—he was called to the Bar, but did not practise; and lived for many years a vague, unsettled, but by no means idle, life. All this time his genius was maturing, and, at length, after many failures, Reade, who was half Aristocrat and half Bohemian, made a name for himself in literature—in the first place, by the drama, and then as a novel-writer. Reade's robust nature, physical as well as mental, is everywhere apparent in the biography. A strong man in every sense, he was not always a wise one, and his fervid sense of justice, untempered with discretion, constantly involved him in litigation. To ordinary acquaintances, Reade was taciturn, with perhaps a dash of sullenness. At one period of his life he had the tastes of an epicure, for it is said that "he purchased a set of silver dishes so as to be able to have his dinner cooked in Magdalen, and sent up to London by train." Of all human beings we are informed he was the most untidy and the least observant; but the writer must mean with regard to household arrangements, for it is impossible to read his novels and to doubt the keen observation of the writer; neither is it possible to doubt the high purpose with which he wrote. And the "Memoir," on the whole, in spite of much that is superfluous and objectionable, leaves the reader with a vivid impression of the lovable traits that endeared Reade to those who knew him well. As an author, his originality cannot be questioned; as a man, he does not resemble any of his contemporaries. His virtues, like his eccentricities, were his own.



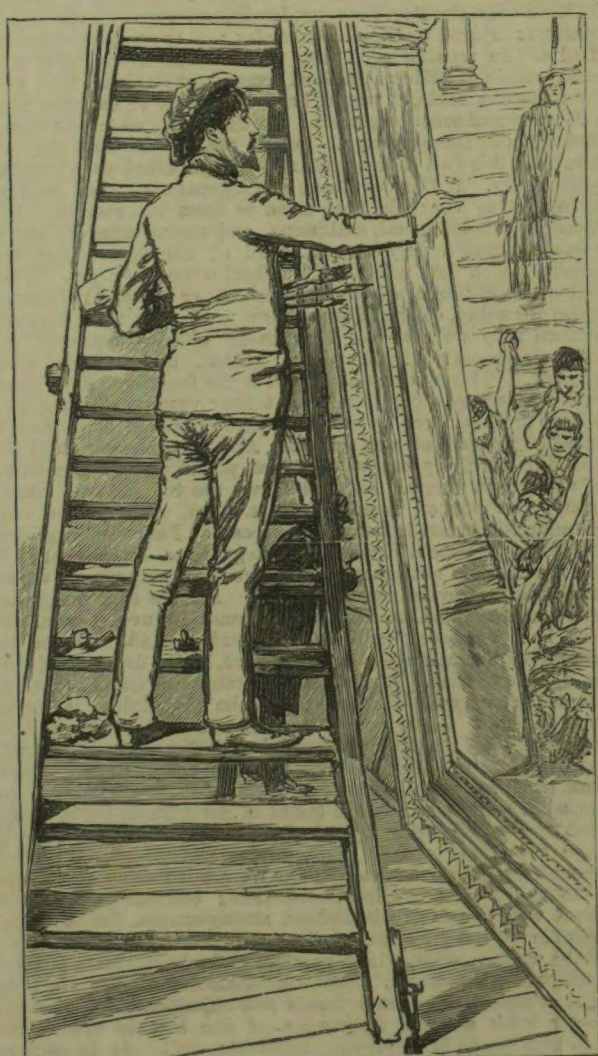
M. VIGNERON.



BRINGING IN THE PICTURES.



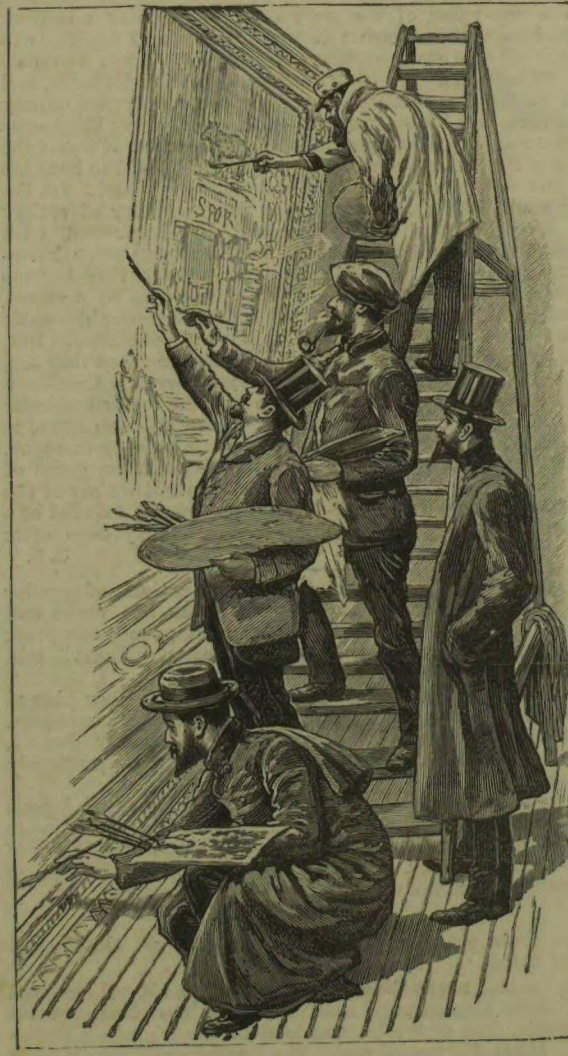
BRINGING IN THE PICTURES: MEASURING, NUMBERING, AND INSCRIBING.



A CONSPICUOUS YOUNG ARTIST.



LATE ARRIVALS.



FINISHING TOUCHES.



ANXIETY.— BY JULIUS M. PRICE.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, April 19.

French politics are peculiarly calm at the present moment; the Parliamentary session has not yet been resumed; some of the Ministers and deputies are travelling and speech-making in the provinces; others are assisting at the sittings of the departmental councils; at home and abroad, there is no great question before the public. Party politics are also quiet. The Radicals seem to have comprehended that the country wants to be left alone, and not agitated by vast reform programmes. The Monarchists have been silenced by the results of recent legislative elections, by the successive and uncontested triumphs of Republican candidates, and by the manifold proofs given by the electors of France of their confidence in existing institutions and their distrust of everything revolutionary. This calm and orderly tendency is hopeful, and worthy of notice. At the same time, the cessation of furious party politics facilitates the sober discussion of national interests, and, above all, the examination of the finances of France. Strange to say, the department in which economy is most imperiously demanded, both by the Republican and the Conservative press alike, is that of public instruction. In 1880 the *personnel* of this department cost 77 millions of francs, paid as follows: 20 millions by the State, 37 by the Communes, 8 by the Departments, and 16½ millions by non-indigent parents. In 1886 the same *personnel* cost 98 millions, of which 75 were paid by the State, which, according to the new law, assumed the greater part of the charges formerly paid by the Departments and the Communes. At present, it appears, an increase of 20,000 schoolmasters is needed, and the raising of salaries and the expenses of forthcoming secularisation of schools promise to bring very shortly the budget of the Public Instruction Department up to 150 or 200 millions of francs. The mania for popular education seems to be wearing out in France, for hitherto, to all appearances, the diffusion of instruction has simply coincided with a recrudescence of criminality, a deluge of penny-dreadful publications, and an augmentation in the number of cafés-concerts.

An excellent sign: M. Paul Déroulède, president of the noisy, provocative, and silly Patriots' League, has resigned, and the league seems likely to fall to pieces. In resigning, M. Déroulède has really acted as a patriot, for once in his life. His boasting presidency, and the childish swaggering of his followers, were a perpetual annoyance to Germany, and a danger for France.

Previous to their sale by auction on May 12, the French Crown jewels are now on public exhibition in the Pavillon de Flore at the Louvre. In reality, these jewels are only a remnant, and many of them were bought as late as the time of Napoleon I. Of course there are some truly historical stones in the collection; but the most interesting will not be sold. Thus the Louvre Museum has become possessor of the famous Regent diamond, of one of the Mazarin diamonds, of the Côte de Bretagne ruby carved into the form of a dragon by Quay, the master of Mme. de Pompadour in the art of engraving. These, and other jewels which are real works of art, will go into the cases of the Galerie d'Apollon, while various lots of precious stones will be given to the Museum of the School of Mines. As for the Imperial Crown, the sword of the Dauphin and the sword of Louis XVIII., these insignia of Royalty have been melted at the Mint, so that no Barnum may be able to make them the pretext of a scandalous and lucrative exhibition. The product of the auction of the rest of the jewels will be devoted to works of public utility, and as the sale is under the control of the Ministry of Fine Arts, it is intended to take part of the money to form a purchasing fund to enable the Louvre Museum to enter the market in rivalry with the National Gallery and the Museum of Berlin.

After much preliminary trumpet-blowing, M. Zola's drama, "Renée" was produced at the Vaudeville Theatre last Saturday and received with equally divided applause and hisses. From the literary point of view, M. Zola has disappointed those who expected some novelty of construction, some realisation of M. Zola's written theories about the drama. "Renée" is simply a sombre and rather melodramatic piece, not very well put together, but nevertheless bearing the stamp of the author's powerful talent, and containing some very striking scenes. On the other hand, the subject is perfectly horrible: anything so abominable has never before been brought on the French stage.

The Astronomical Congress has been sitting here. It was opened last Saturday by M. Flourens, the Minister for Foreign Affairs.

In reply to a question of the editor of a review of higher education for girls, M. Gounod wrote the other day:—"You ask my opinion about the rôle which the study of the piano ought to play in the education of girls. The answer seems to me to be very simple: the least time possible for those who do not intend to make the piano a profession."

The gentleman rider Mr. A. Torrance was thrown from his horse and killed on the spot at the races at La Croix de Berny, last week. Mr. Torrance was a rich New York gentleman, who has been living for many years in Paris.

In the Spanish Congress of Deputies the Minister of War has presented a Bill fixing the strength of the army on active service for the next financial year at 100,000 men for Spain, 19,000 for Cuba, 3700 for Porto Rico, and 8000 for the Philippine Islands.

The baptism of Louis Philippe, Prince of Beira, infant son of the Duke of Braganza, took place on the 14th inst., in the Ajuda Chapel, Lisbon, the Patriarch of the Indies officiating. In the sitting of the Portuguese Chamber of Deputies, on the 13th, the Minister of Finance brought forward the Budget for 1888. The receipts are estimated at 209,000,000f. and the expenditure at 221,000,000f.

The Crown Prince and Princess of Germany, with their three daughters, left Berlin on the 14th for Ems, in order to take the waters.

The new Austrian ironclad *Stéphanie* was launched at Trieste on the 14th. It is a steel armour-plated turret-ship, with a central citadel. The maximum thickness of the plating is 9 in., the displacement is of 5100 tons, and the engines are of 8000 indicated horse-power.

We hear from St. Petersburg that the Neva was formally opened on Sunday by the Commandant of the fortress crossing the river in his State barge, under a triple artillery salute.

The remains of ex-President Lincoln have been removed from the secret grave in which they were deposited at Springfield, Illinois, and have been reburied with those of his wife in the same cemetery. The object of the secret burial was to prevent the body being stolen, and the exact spot was for several years known only to a few persons. On the coffin being exhumed the lid was opened, and the features of the ex-President were found to be in excellent preservation.

At the opening of the Canadian Parliament on the 14th inst. the Governor-General intimated that the members would be

asked to vote money to construct a canal connecting Lake Superior and Lake Huron, to prevent the stoppage of inland navigation in the event of the United States enforcing the new retaliatory law.—The Hon. Edward Blake has been unanimously re-elected as leader of the Opposition in the Dominion House of Commons, and has accepted the post.—Sir George Stephen and Sir Donald Smith have each offered to the city of Montreal the sum of 500,000 dols. to establish "The Royal Victoria Hospital," in honour of her Majesty's Jubilee.

A widespread conspiracy in Upper Burmah, having for one of its objects a general massacre of Europeans, has been frustrated by the prompt action of the police and the loyal Karens.

Intelligence has been received in Bombay that the Ghilzais have completely defeated 5000 of the Ameer's troops, near Ghuzni.

We learn from Hyderabad that Sir Salar Jung has resigned the post of Prime Minister to the Nizam. His father's debts will be paid by the Nizam, who will also allow the retiring Minister a monthly pension of 17,000 rupees.

In the New South Wales Legislative Assembly on Monday the Railway Administration Bill was introduced and read the first time. It provides for the creation of three Commissioners to supervise and regulate the administration of the railways of the colony. The Bill follows to a great extent the lines of the Victorian Act.

THE COLONIAL CONFERENCE.

The representatives at the Colonial Conference re-assembled on Thursday week, under the presidency of Sir H. Holland. The subjects considered included investments in Inscribed Stocks, the proof of wills, the composition of stamp duties, unclaimed dividends, and the amendment of the marriage laws.

Some two or three hundred ladies and gentlemen accepted the invitation of Mr. Augustus Harris to meet the representatives at Drury-Lane Theatre, on Friday night, last week. In welcoming his guests Mr. Augustus Harris recalled the fact that just twelve months ago it had been his privilege to greet on that historic stage the Commissioners for the Colonies to last year's Exhibition, and he had equal pleasure now in receiving the representatives of Greater Britain at the Colonial Conference. Their presence he believed indicated a closer knitting of the ties which unite in one great family the whole British race in many parts of the world.

The question of the increase of the Australasian naval squadron was considered at Monday's sitting. Modifications of the original Admiralty scheme were stated by Lord G. Hamilton, and the delegates were to communicate with their Governments and announce the result on Monday next.

Questions connected with postal communications between Great Britain and the Colonies were considered by the Colonial Conference on Tuesday, and Mr. Henniker Heaton, M.P., explained his scheme for an Imperial penny postage. The subject was resumed on Wednesday.

"ANXIETY."

"By the sad sea waves"—to quote a beautiful plaintive song that was once in vogue—but here with a different exhibition of human sorrow upon the shore, this drawing shows a party of women and children, belonging to poor fishermen's families, watching in great anxiety for the return of the boats, which have perhaps been driven by a storm of the past night far along the perilous coast. The artist, Mr. Julius M. Price, is known to the readers of our Journal by his Sketches of the expedition to Bechnanaland; while in this design, as we think, an unquestionable talent for conceiving and delineating pictures of a high order is manifested, and there is good promise of his work in the future. The unity of effect in the scene, the grouping of the figures, and the pathetic sentiment expressed in their countenances and gestures, combine to enhance its interest, which is that of a subject often treated by painters, and constantly present to the minds of those who reflect upon the dangers frequently incurred by that laborious class of our people, the "toilers of the sea," whose life was much discussed at the time of the Fisheries Exhibition. We had occasion, in that year, to refer particularly to the subject, which was then examined in detail, and to notice various plans for the benefit of those so employed on the coasts of the British Islands. But every season affords fresh instances of the peculiar risks besetting this kind of industry, and public sympathy is accustomed to respond to tales of similar disasters. Art can do service, in many such instances, to the general cause of humanity, by impressively representing the truth which Charles Kingsley's touching poem, "The Three Fishers," sets forth in words that dwell in the heart; "for men must work, and women must weep;" and, for the more favoured classes, living in safety and happiness, it is good now and then to learn a lesson of compassionate feeling.

The Lord Mayor on Tuesday received a cheque for £2407 15s. from members of the Stock Exchange for the Imperial Institute.

The Queen has appointed several of the representatives at the Colonial Conference to be Knights Commanders of the Order of St. Michael and St. George.

Resolutions have been adopted by the Convocation of London University for the joint celebration of the Queen's Jubilee and the University Jubilee, which happen to fall on the same day.

General Sir Edward Hamley, M.P., gave an address to the members of the London Chamber of Commerce at the Mansion House on Tuesday, on the defence of London and the commercial ports of this country.

In our description of the American Exhibition, published last week, it should have been stated that Mr. Henry Wynne, C.E., was sole engineer and architect of the main building, and of the Grand Stand in the grounds occupied by the "Wild West," preparing the designs and commencing their execution until last month, previously to the works being taken in charge by Mr. Florence O'Driscoll. The designs at first contemplated were prepared last year by Mr. Dorsey and Mr. John Gibson.

The installation of Lord Egerton of Tatton as Right Worshipful Provincial Grand Master, Cheshire, took place yesterday week, at Chester Townhall. Representatives from all the county lodges were present to the number of 600. Judge Horatio Lloyd was also installed as Deputy Provincial Grand Master. After the installation the brethren, attired in their regalia, escorted Provincial and Deputy Provincial Grand Masters to Chester Cathedral, where special service was held.

The Easter scholarships at Uppingham School have been awarded as follows:—J. W. Potter, from the Rev. R. P. Barron, St. Albans; and J. C. Burlison, from Mr. J. R. Storrar, Stratheden House, Blackheath, were recommended for scholarships of £50 each. H. W. Smith, from the Rev. J. H. Edgar, Temple Grove, East Sheen; and R. F. Wilson, from the Rev. G. T. Oldham, Yverdon House, Blackheath, were recommended for scholarships of £30 each. F. David was recommended for the Rutland Scholarship.

OBITUARY.

LADY HOWARD OF GLOSSOP.

The Right Hon. Clara Louisa, Lady Howard of Glossop, whose death is just announced, was daughter of Mr. John Greenwood, of Swarcliffe Hall, Yorkshire, and was married, April 24, 1883, to Francis Edward, Lord Howard of Glossop, by whom she leaves one son, Bernard Edward Fitzalan Howard, born in 1885, and one daughter, Muriel Augusta Mary, born in 1884. Within a very few days, two noble ladies of the illustrious House of Howard have passed away—the Duchess of Norfolk and the Peeress whose decease we record.

SIR THOMAS GORE-BROWNE.

Colonel Sir Thomas Gore-Browne, K.C.M.G., C.B., died on the 17th inst. He was born, July 1, 1807, the second son of Mr. Robert Gore-Browne, of Morton House, Bucks, J.P., by Sarah Dorothea, his wife, daughter of Mr. Gabriel Steward, M.P. for Weymouth, entered the Army in 1824, commanded the 41st Regiment through the Afghan Campaign, where he distinguished himself; was Governor of St. Helena, 1851 to 1854; of New Zealand, 1854 to 1861; of Tasmania, 1861 to 1868; and of Bermuda, 1870 to 1871. The decoration of C.B. was conferred on him in 1843, and that of K.C.M.G. in 1869. Sir Thomas married, June 4, 1851, Harriet Louisa, daughter of Mr. James Campbell, of Craigie House, Ayrshire.

ADMIRAL DUNLOP.

Admiral Hugh Dunlop, C.B., died on the 15th inst., at his residence, 106, St. George's-square. He was son of the late General James Dunlop, of Dunlop, Ayrshire, M.P.; and, after passing through the Royal Naval College, became Lieutenant, R.N., in 1828, and attained the rank of Admiral in 1878. His services were on the West Coast of Africa, when in command of H.M.S. *Alert*; and in the Baltic, during the Crimean War, when he commanded the *Tartar*.

COLONEL FREDERICK ROMILLY.

Frederick Romilly, of Barry, Glamorganshire, J.P. and D.L., Lieutenant-Colonel Scots Fusilier Guards (retired), Deputy Chairman H.M. Board of Customs, aged seventy-seven. He was the sixth son of the great juriconsult, philanthropist, and statesman, the late Sir Samuel Romilly, and was brother of the first Lord Romilly, Master of the Rolls. Early in life, in 1826, he entered the Army, and retired with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. In 1850, he was returned M.P. for Canterbury in the Liberal interest; but in 1852 lost his seat. In 1861 he received the appointment of Commissioner of the Customs, and became Deputy Chairman in 1873. He married, Nov. 28, 1848, Lady Elizabeth Amelia Jane Elliot, fourth daughter of Gilbert, second Earl of Minto, and leaves issue.

MR. WILLS-SANDFORD.

Mr. Thomas George Wills-Sandford, of Wills Grove and Castlereagh House, in the county of Roscommon, J.P. and D.L., died on the 13th inst. He was born on Aug. 15, 1817, the eldest son of Mr. William Robert Wills, of Wills Grove, High Sheriff in 1802, by Mary Grey, his second wife, daughter of the Rev. William Sandford, of Castlereagh, and niece and co-heiress of Henry, Lord Mount Sandford. He succeeded his father (who took the additional surname of Sandford), and served as High Sheriff of his county in 1843. He married, Sept. 29, 1841, Theodosia Eleanor Blagden, daughter of Mr. Robert Blagden Hale, of Alderley, by the Lady Theodosia, his wife, daughter of the third Earl of Mayo, and leaves issue.

We have also to record the deaths of—

The Earl of Longford, on the 19th inst. His memoir will be given next week.

Admiral E. Codd, aged eighty-two.

The Chisholm, Roderick Donald Matheson Chisholm, in his twenty-fifth year.

Mr. Philip Tillard, late of Stukeley Hall, Huntingdonshire, J.P., aged seventy-five.

Lieutenant-Colonel Arthur Campbell-Walker, of H.M. Body Guard, and late of the 79th Cameron Highlanders.

The Rev. Edward Meade, M.A., Canon of Salisbury, and for forty-five years Rector of Winkfield, aged seventy-nine.

Mr. James Wyld, Geographer to the Queen, on the 17th inst., at his London residence, at the age of seventy-four.

Elizabeth, Lady Drysdale, widow of Sir William Drysdale, of Edinburgh and Pittenchar, Fifehire, aged ninety-eight.

The Rev. Charles James Burton, M.A., Chancellor of the Diocese of Carlisle, and Vicar of Lydd, Kent, aged ninety-five.

Mr. Gamble, Q.C., County Court Judge of Armagh, on the 19th inst., whilst addressing the General Synod of the Church of Ireland in Dublin.

Sir Alexander Anderson, J.P. and D.L., Lord Provost of Aberdeen 1859 to 1866, on the 10th inst., in his eighty-fourth year. He was knighted in 1863.

Mr. Augustus William Savile, of Rufford Abbey, Notts, at Cannes, on the 13th inst., aged fifty-eight. He was formerly Captain 2nd Life Guards, and H.M. Marshal of the Ceremonies.

Mr. Henry William Clifford, eldest son of the late Hon. Charles Thomas Clifford, of Irnham Hall, Lincolnshire, and grandson of the sixth Lord Clifford, of Chudleigh, on the 7th inst., aged sixty-two.

Miss Grace Hamilton, of Barnes and Cochna, N.B., at her seat near Duntocher, on the 11th inst., aged ninety. She was the last surviving child of Major James Hamilton, of Barnes, and representative of the Barnes branch of Hamilton of Raploch.

Lucy Susan, Lady Cleasby, widow of Sir Anthony Cleasby, of Penoyre, Brecon, one of the Barons of the Exchequer, and youngest daughter of Mr. Walter Ramsden Fawkes, of Farnley, Yorkshire, M.P. She was married in 1836, and leaves issue. Her daughter, Edith Mary, is wife of the present Mr. Ayscough Fawkes, of Farnley.

The Portrait of the late Right Hon. C. N. Newdegate is from a photograph by Messrs. Byrne and Co., of Richmond; and that of the late Major Neill, from one by Mr. Bara, of Ayr. Our Illustration, last week, of the whale captured on the Lincolnshire coast, was from a photograph by Mr. Wain, of the "Counties' Photographic Company," Skegness.

The Hon. T. W. Fitzwilliam, who has been Master of the Fitzwilliam Hounds for the past seven years, has retired. His successor in the Mastership is Mr. G. O. W. Fitzwilliam.—Mr. Harry Fetherstonhaugh, Master of the Cattistock Hounds, succeeds Mr. Elliot Lees, M.P., as the Master of the South Dorset Hunt.

In London 2626 births and 1558 deaths were registered last week. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 146, and the deaths 277, below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 1 from smallpox, 81 from measles, 11 from scarlet fever, 21 from diphtheria, 53 from whooping-cough, 7 from enteric fever, 1 from an ill-defined form of continued fever, 4 from diarrhoea and dysentery, and not one from typhus or cholera. The deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs, which had been 509, 417, and 363 in the three preceding weeks, were again 363 last week, being 107 below the corrected average. Ten cases of suicide were registered.

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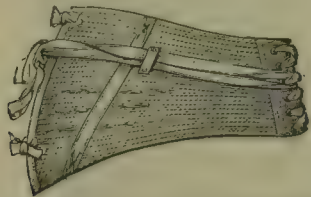
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"Nothing can be better. The Swanbill Silk Elastic Belt is a real comfort."—Court Journal.
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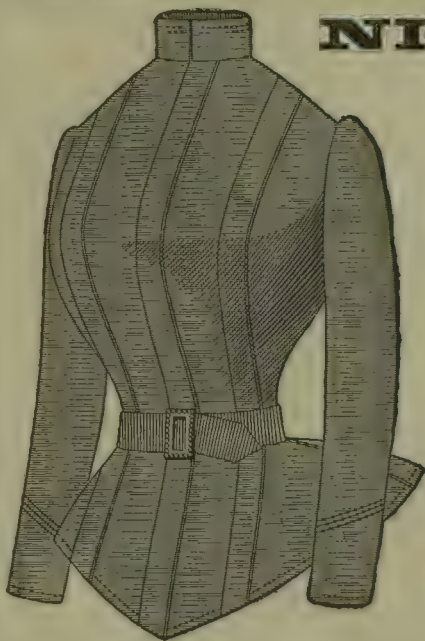


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A POSITIVE CURE
for every form of
Skin and Blood
Disease
from
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This repeated daily, with two or three doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, to keep the blood cool, the perspiration pure and unimpeded, the bowels open, the liver and kidneys active, will speedily cure Eczema, Tetter, Ringworm, Psoriasis, Lichen, Pruritus, Scall-Head, Dandruff, and every species of Torturing, Disfiguring, Itching, Scaly, and Pimply Humours of the Skin and Scalp, with loss of Hair, when the best physicians and all known remedies fail.

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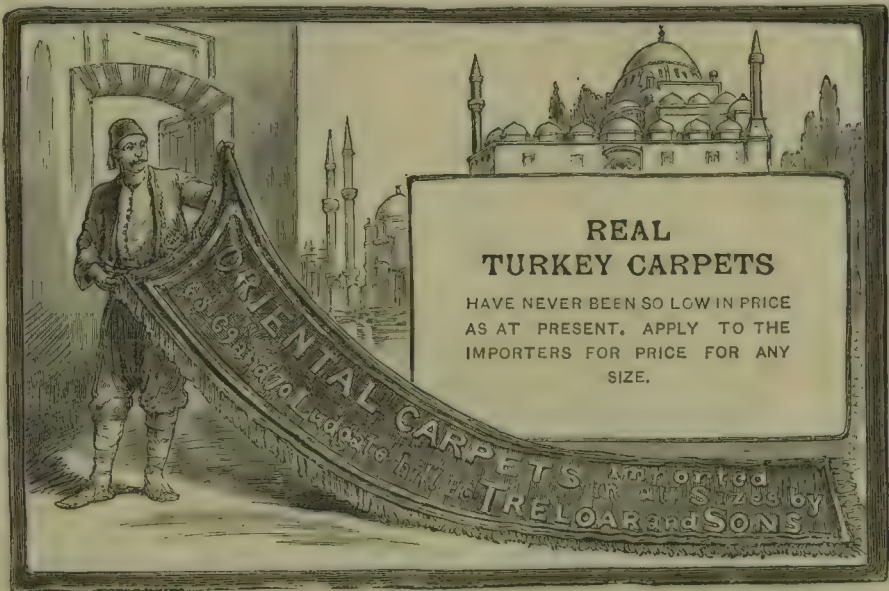
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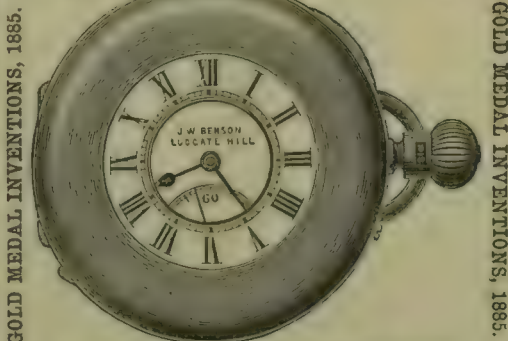
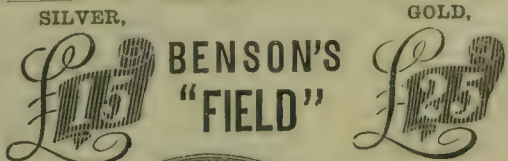


Sapphire and Rubies, £10. Ruby, Sapphire, and Rubies, £30. Ruby and Rubies, £15.

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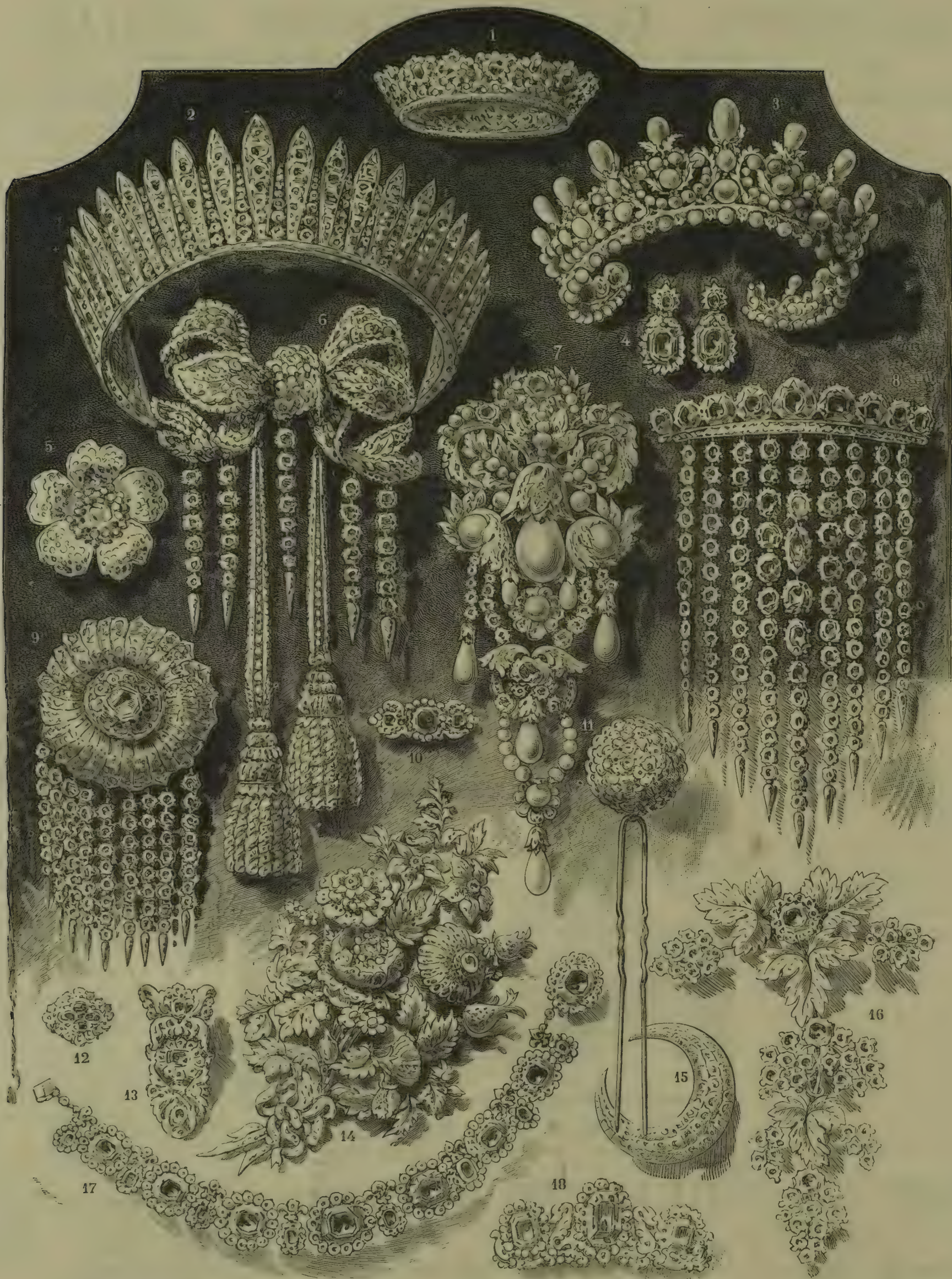


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1, 12, and 13. Ornaments formed of rubies with brilliants.
2. Russian diadem.
3. Diadem of pearls.
4, 10, 17, and 18. Ornaments of sapphires with brilliants.

5. Wild rose.
6. Knot with two tassels.
7. Brooch of pearls with brilliants.
8. Hair-comb, with pendants of diamonds.

9. Buckle for girdle.
11. Hair-pins, with ball head.
15. Crescent.

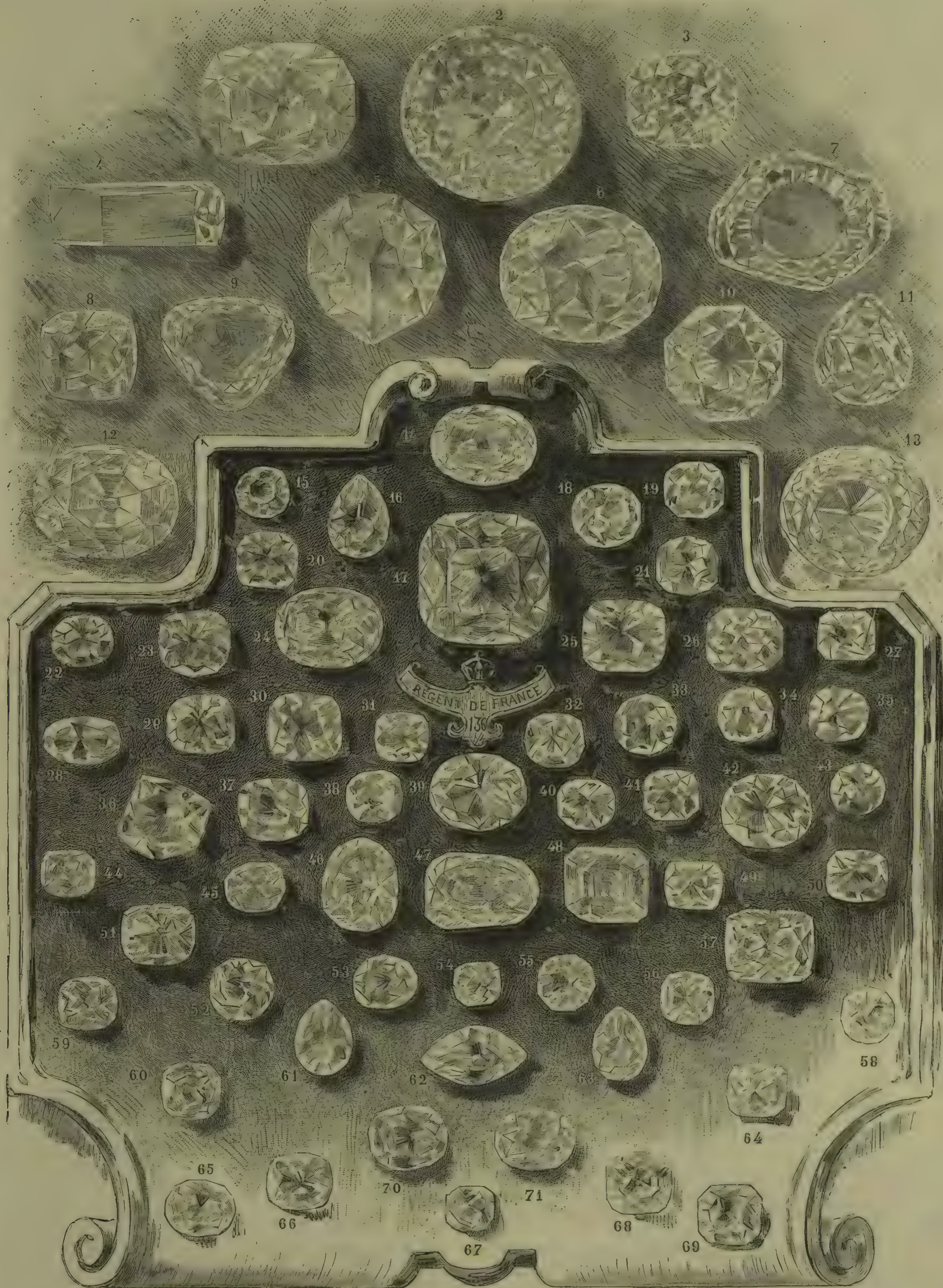
16. A Sevigné brooch.

THE CROWN JEWELS OF FRANCE.

The approaching sale by auction, on May 12, of the jewels belonging to the French Crown, is an event looked forward to with much interest by dealers and connoisseurs at Paris. These ornaments have been placed for public exhibition in the Salle des Etats at the Pavillon de Flore of the Louvre. Those jewels and precious stones which are not for sale, on account of their historical associations or their unique artistic character, will be preserved as public property in charge of the Directors of the Beaux Arts, the Museum, and the School of Mines. During the scenes of confusion attending the first French Revolution, in September, 1792, some robbers broke into the Royal Garde-Meuble, and stole the Crown jewels, which had been sealed up after taking an inventory of them. Soon afterwards, the Commune of Paris received an anonymous letter, stating that part of the stolen treasure was buried in a ditch at the Allée des Veuves, in the Champs Elysées.

Search was made there, and some articles of great value were found, one being the Regent diamond. Napoleon I., when he became Emperor, caused inquiries to be made all over Europe, and many articles were traced to new owners, and were repurchased; but a large portion of what had been lost could never be recovered. The illustrations on this page represent the forms of some of the finest specimens of artistic jewellery now for sale. Three varieties of composite ornaments—namely, those of rubies with brilliants, sapphires with brilliants, and pearls with brilliants—are to be especially admired. Each of these is accompanied by a crown and a coronet, the latter having been worn by the Queens of France at morning assemblies of their Court. The set figured in our Engravings 1, 12, and 13 comprises a crown, a badge, and the fastening of a girdle, in rubies; this set contains 399 rubies, their total weight

being 410 carats, and 6042 brilliants, weighing 793 carats altogether. The sapphire set of pins and fillets contains sixty-seven sapphires, weighing, collectively, 768 carats; and 3837 brilliants, weighing 568 carats. The Russian diadem is adorned with 442 rose-diamonds and 1200 brilliants; the pearl diadem has 212 pearls and 1993 brilliants. There are three wild-rose jewels, one of which is shown in our Engraving: together they contain 133 rose-diamonds and 522 brilliants. In the knot with the two pendant tassels are 2438 brilliants and 196 rose-diamonds. The brooch (No. 7) has in its centre the beautiful "Regent pearl." The hair-comb and hair-pins, the waist-buckle, and the bouquet of diamonds are splendid articles of female attire; the bouquet contains no less than 2637 brilliants, and 860 rose diamonds; there are 208 brilliants in the comb, and 324 in two hair-pins. The Sevigné brooch is set with 324 brilliants, three of which are of large size, weighing 36 carats.



1. The English Lottery diamond.
2. The Great Mogul.
3. The Blue Diamond.

4. The Shah of Russia.
5. The Florentine.
6. The Koh-i-Noor, after cutting.

7. The Koh-i-Noor, before cutting.
8. The Pole-Star. 9. The Nassak.
10. The Pasha of Egypt.

11. The Sancy diamond.
12. The Star of the South.
13. The Orloff diamond.

14 to 71. The Regent and Mazarin diamonds,
and various diamonds which have been
set in ornaments.

THE LARGEST DIAMONDS IN THE WORLD.

The late Emperor Napoleon III., in 1853, indulged the fancy of having a series of models in rock crystal, imitative of some of the most famous large diamonds in the world, together with those of note belonging to the French Crown. Their shape, their cutting, and their precise tints of colour, were exactly copied. During the Franco-German War of 1870, this curious collection was removed for safety to the naval port of Cherbourg, ready to be transported to England in the event of the flight of the Imperial family. It has now been placed on view, along with the French Crown jewels, in the Pavillon de Flore of the Louvre at Paris. We give some illustrations on this page. The first is that disposed of in London, in 1801, by a lottery, the winner of which is doubtless on record; but in 1818 it was the property of Messrs.

Rundell and Bridges. It weighs 82½ carats. The Great Mogul diamond belonged to Nadir Shah, the Persian invader of India. Its weight originally was 780½ carats, but the cutting reduced it to less than 280 carats; it has a soft rosy tint, but some lapidaries think it is a white sapphire. The "Blue Diamond," which is thought to be one of those stolen from the Crown jewels of France in 1792, is the property of Mr. A. J. Beresford Hope. The one called "The Shah of Russia" was a gift to the Czar from the Persian Prince Chosroes, son of Abbas Mirza. The "Florentine," also called "The Grand Duke of Tuscany" and "Ferdinand of Austria," is a fine yellow diamond, egg-shaped, weighing 139½ carats. The celebrated Koh-i-Noor, of Lahore, presented in 1850, to Queen Victoria, by the British-Indian army, weighs 103½ carats after

being cut as a perfect brilliant. The "Nassak" is one of the prizes of the Mahratta war, and was purchased of the East India Company by the Marquis of Westminster. The "Pole Star" belongs to the Russian Princess Youssouppoff. The Sancy diamond is that which Charles le Téméraire, Duke of Burgundy, wore in 1477, when he was killed at the battle of Granson, in Switzerland; its first owner was Nicholas De Harlay, Seigneur of Sancy. It was sold by our King James II. to Louis XIV. The "Star of the South" is the largest of Brazilian diamonds, found in 1853. The Orloff or Amsterdam diamond was one of the eyes of an idol in the Dutch East Indies. The Regent or Pitt diamond, from Golconda, was sold by Governor Pitt to the Regent, Duke of Orleans. It is the finest in the world.

THE PACHA'S SLAVE.

The lot of female captives under the Mohammedan rule, and beneath the domestic despotism of the seraglio, in Eastern countries, has often been made the theme of compassionate description in poetry and romance. Byron's tales in verse, especially that of "The Giaour," contributed, early in this century, to excite a sentimental interest in the condition of the sex among the barbarian masters of the Turkish Empire. The women of Georgia and Circassia, and those of Greece and of the Adriatic provinces, were then reported to be the frequent victims of tyrannical and licentious violence, held in a vile slavery, ill compensated by the luxurious indolence of the harem, at the disposal of rich and powerful lords, the hereditary enemies of their race and religion. Such a slave was the unfortunate Leila, who fled on the last eve of the Ramazan, disguised as a Georgian page, from the guarded palace of Black Hassan, to join her Venetian lover. She was recaptured, tied up in a sack, carried to the seashore, placed in a skiff, conveyed to the deep channel between the rocks, and cast into the water to die: a pitiless fate, indeed, avenged by the fall of her tyrant in battle. A note which Byron appended to this story relates an instance of twelve women at Yanina being drowned in the lake there, in one night; and he states that similar circumstances were "not very uncommon in Turkey." That was seventy or eighty years ago; Turkish morals and manners have possibly improved; and it may be hoped that

the unwilling inmate of a Pacha's household, whose portrait our Artist has drawn, will incur no such dreadful doom. Still, the degradation of womanhood among that portion of mankind, and in many other regions of the earth, remains a sad reality, as it has been for ages past.

"Massinger," said Coleridge, "is always entertaining; his plays have the interest of novels"; and Charles Lamb observes that he never disturbs the mind with grief, but "is read with composure and placid delight." He may be seen at the best in the volume which forms one of the Mermaid series of "The Best Plays of the Old Dramatists." Philip Massinger: edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by Arthur Symonds (Vizetelly and Co.), contains five plays which we owe to this poet. It is needless to say that he wrote several more; and some of our readers will remember that seven were destroyed by Horace Walpole's cook, who "burnt leaf by leaf as covers for pie-crust." A very careful estimate of the poet's genius is given by Mr. Symonds; and few readers who are not special students of our dramatic literature will care to advance farther in the study of Massinger than the editor carries them. This dramatist, while possessing many admirable qualities, does not rank with the greatest of his predecessors. He has eminent gifts, but lacks to most precious gifts of all—loftiness of imagination and richness of humour. His defects belong to a nature not "finely touched," and this accounts for the fact, pointed out

by Mr. Symonds, that "Massinger's general conception of women and the greater number of his portraits of them are alike debased and detestable." The greatness and the glory of all our old dramatists are indeed lessened by their foulness, and though Shakspeare is not without improprieties, his world is one of perfect purity and of healthiest life compared with that to which we are introduced by the dramatic poets of his century. And the evil, destined to grow worse, culminated with Dryden and Wycherley, with Afra Behn and Congreve. The plays in the Mermaid Series, it may be necessary to observe, are "unexpurgated," and therefore unfitted for circulation in the family.

Messrs. Dean and Son have published "Debrett's Peerage" for 1887, this being the 174th year of publication. "Debrett" is most ably edited by Mr. R. H. Mair, LL.D., and is well-known as a trustworthy book of reference for information respecting the Peerage, Baronetage, and Knightage. It also gives biographical notices of the Companions of the various Orders.—"Debrett's House of Commons and the Judicial Bench for 1887" contains biographical notices of all the Members elected to the present Parliament to Feb. 15, and records all the changes that have taken place in the personnel of the House of Commons.

On Tuesday the various law courts reopened for the Easter sittings, which will continue up to and include Friday, May 27. There was no ceremonial opening.

DEATH.

At Calcutta, India, on the 25th ult., of typhoid fever, Alexander George, second son of James and Agnes Winterscale, age 13 years 10½ months.
* * * The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths is Five Shillings.

LYCEUM.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING. THE BELLS, and JINGLE, THE BELLS, Saturday, April 23, at Eight. Mathias, Mr. Irving; JINGLE, at Ten: Alice Jingle, Mr. Irving. FAUST, every Friday night, Mr. Irving, Miss Ellen Terry. THE MERCHANT OF VENICE May 16, Mr. Irving, Miss Ellen Terry. Box-office (Mr. J. Hurst) open till five. Seats can be booked four weeks in advance, also by letter or telegram. —LYCEUM.

LYCEUM—MATINEES.—FAUST, Saturday, April 30, and May 7, at Two o'clock. Mr. Irving, Miss Ellen Terry. —LYCEUM.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.

Triumphant Success of
THE MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS'
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ST. JAMES'S GREAT HALL.
ALL THE NEW PERFORMERS received with the utmost enthusiasm.
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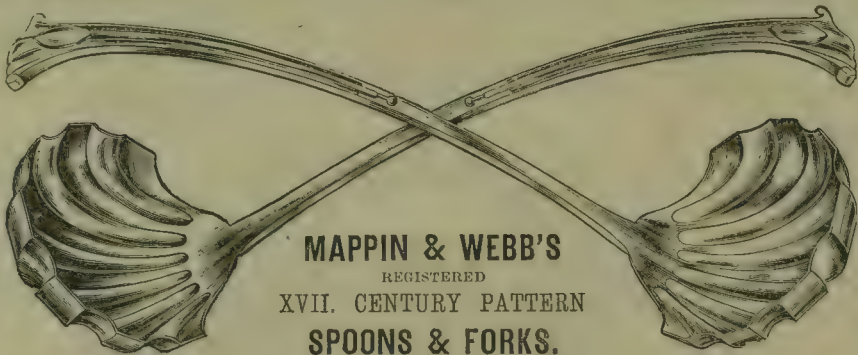
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PART II.—CHAPTER VI.

The Commander was the first to recover his presence of mind. Taking the despatch from the hands of the unlooked-for husband of the woman he loved, he opened it with an immovable face and habitual precision. Then, turning with a military salute to the strangers, he bade them join him in half an hour at the Presidio; and, bowing gravely to the assembled company, stepped from the corridor. But Mrs. Markham was before him, stopped him with a gesture, and turned to her husband.

"James Markham—where's your hand?"

Markham, embarrassed, but subjugated, disengaged it timidly from his wife's waist.

"Give it to that gentleman—for a gentleman he is, from the crown of his head to the soles of his boots! There! Shake it! You don't get such a chance every day. That will do for the present!" As the two men's hands parted, after this perfunctory grasp, and the Commander passed on, she turned again to her husband. "Now, James, I am ready to hear all about it. Perhaps you'll tell me where you have been?"

There was a moment of embarrassing silence. The doctor and secretary had discreetly withdrawn; the Alcalde, after a brief introduction to Mr. Brimmer, and an incomprehensible glance from the wife, had retired with a colourless face. Doña Isabel had lingered last to blow a kiss across her fan to Eleanor Keene that half mischievously included her brother. The Americans were alone.

Thus appealed to, Mr. Markham hastily began his story. But, as he progressed, a slight incoherency was noticeable; he occasionally contradicted himself, and was obliged to be sustained, supplemented, and, at times, corrected, by Keene and Brimmer. Substantially, it appeared that they had come from San Francisco to Mazatlan, and, through the influence of

Mr. Brimmer on the Mexican authorities, their party, with an escort of dragoons, had been transported across the gulf and landed on the opposite shore, where they had made a forced march across the desert to Todos Santos. Literally interpreted, however, by the nervous Markham, it would seem that they had conceived this expedition long ago, and yet had difficulties because they only thought of it the day before the steamer sailed; that they had embarked for the isthmus of Nicaragua, and yet had stopped at Mazatlan; that their information was complete in San Francisco, and only picked up at Mazatlan; that "friends"—sometimes contradictorily known as "he" and "she"—had overpowered influence with the Mexican Government, and alone had helped them, and yet that they were utterly dependent upon the efforts of Señor Perkins, who had compromised matters with the Mexican Government and everybody.

"Do you mean to say, James Markham, that you've seen Perkins, and it was he who told you we were here?"

"No—not him exactly."

"Let me explain," said Mr. Brimmer, hastily. "It appears," he corrected his haste with practical business-like precision, "that the filibuster Perkins, after debarking you here, and taking the Excelsior to Quinquambo, actually established the Quinquambo Government, and got Mexico and the other confederacies to recognise its independence. Quinquambo behaved very handsomely, and not only allowed the Mexican Government indemnity for breaking the neutrality of Todos Santos by the seizure, but even compromised with our own Government their claim to confiscate the Excelsior for treaty violation and paid half the value of the vessel, besides giving information to Mexico and Washington of your whereabouts. We consequently represent a joint commission from both countries to settle the matter and arrange for your return."

"But what I want to know, is this:—Is it to Señor Perkins that we ought to be thankful for seeing you here at all?" asked Mrs. Markham, impatiently.

"No, no—not that, exactly," stammered Markham. "Oh, come now, Susannah!"

"No," said Richard Keene, earnestly; "by Jove, some

thanks ought to go to Belle Montgomery"—he checked himself in sudden consternation.

There was a chilly silence. Even Miss Keene looked anxiously at her brother, as the voice of Mrs. Brimmer for the first time broke the silence.

"May we be permitted to know who is this person to whom we owe so great an obligation?"

"Certainly," said Brimmer. "She was—as I have already intimated—a friend; possibly, you know," he added, turning lightly to his companions as if to corroborate an impression that had just struck him, "perhaps, a—a—a sweetheart of the Señor Perkins."

"And how was she so interested in us, pray?" said Mrs. Markham.

"Well, you see, she had an idea that a former husband was on board of the Excelsior!" He stopped suddenly, remembering from the astonished faces of Keene and Markham that the secret was not known to them, while they, impressed with the belief that the story was a sudden invention of Brimmer's, with difficulty preserved their composure. But the women were quick to notice their confusion, and promptly disbelieved Brimmer's explanation.

"Well, as there's no Mister Montgomery here, she's probably mistaken," said Mrs. Markham, with decision, "though it strikes me that she's very likely had the same delusion on board of some other ship. Come along, James; perhaps, after you've had a bath and some clean clothes, you may come out a little more like the man I once knew. I don't know how Mrs. Brimmer feels, but I feel more as if I required to be introduced to you—than your friend's friend, Mrs. Montgomery! At any rate, try and look and behave a little more decent when you go over to the Presidio."

With these words she dragged him away. Mr. Brimmer, after a futile attempt to appear at his ease, promptly effected the usual marital diversion of carrying the war in the enemy's camp. "For Heaven's sake, Barbara," he said, with ostentatious indignation, "go and dress yourself properly. Had you neither money nor credit to purchase clothes? I declare I didn't know you at first; and when I did, I was shocked; before Mrs. Markham, too!"

"Mrs. Markham, I fear, has quite enough to occupy her now," said Mrs. Brimmer, shortly, as she turned away with hysterically moist eyes, leaving her husband to follow her.

Oblivious of this comedy, Richard Keene and Eleanor had already wandered back, hand in hand, to their days of childhood. But even in the joy that filled the young girl's heart in the presence of her only kinsman there was a strange reservation. The meeting that she had looked forward to with eager longing had brought all she expected; more than that, it seemed to have been providentially anticipated at the moment of her greatest need, and yet it was incomplete. She was ashamed that after the first recognition, a wild desire to run to Hurlstone and tell him her happiness was her only thought. She was shocked that the bright joyous face of this handsome lovable boy could not shut out the melancholy austere features of Hurlstone, which seemed to rise reproachfully between them. When, for the third and fourth time, they had recounted their past history, exchanged their confidences and feelings, Dick, passing his arm around his sister's waist, looked down smilingly in her eyes.

"And so, after all, little Nell, everybody has been good to you, and you have been happy!"

"Everybody has been kind to me, Dick; far kinder than I deserved. Even if I had really been the great lady that little Doña Isabel thought I was, or the important person the Commander believed me to be, I couldn't have been treated more kindly. I have met with nothing but respect and attention. I have been very happy, Dick; very happy." And with a little cry she threw herself on her brother's neck and burst into a childlike flood of inconsistent tears.

Meantime the news of the arrival of the relief-party had penetrated even the peaceful cloisters of the Mission, and Father Esteban had been summoned in haste to the Council. He returned with an eager face to Hurlstone, who had been anxiously awaiting him. When the Padre had imparted the full particulars of the event to his companion he added, gravely, "You see, my son, how Providence, which has protected you since you first claimed the Church's sanctuary, has again interfered to spare me the sacrifice of using the power of the Church in purely mundane passions. I meekly accept the rebuke of His better-ordained ways, and you, Diego, may comfort yourself that this girl is restored directly to her brother's care, without any deviousness of plan or human responsibility. You do not speak, my son!" continued the priest, anxiously: "can it be possible that, in the face of this gracious approval of Providence to your resolution, you are regretting it?"

The young man replied, with a half-reproachful gesture, "Do you, then, think me still so weak? No, Father Esteban, I have steeled myself against my selfishness for her sake. I could have resigned her to the escape you had planned, believing her happier for it, and ignorant of the real condition of the man she had learnt to—to pity. But," he added, turning suddenly and almost rudely upon the priest, "do you know the meaning of this irruption of the outer world to me? Do you reflect that these men probably know my miserable story?—that, as one of the passengers of the *Excelsior*, they will be obliged to seek me and to restore me," he added with a bitter laugh, "to my home, my kindred—to the world I loathe?"

"But you need not follow them. Remain here."

"Here!—with the door thrown open to my talebearer and to her? Never! Hear me, Father," he went on hurriedly: "these men have come from San Francisco—have been to Mazatlan. Can you believe that it is possible that they have never heard of this woman's search for me? No! The quest of hate is as strong as the quest of love, and more merciless to the hunted."

"But if that were so, foolish boy, she would have accompanied them."

"You are wrong! It would have been enough for her to have sent my exposure by them—to have driven me from this refuge."

"This is but futile fancy, Diego," said Father Esteban, with a simulated assurance he was far from feeling. "Nothing has yet been said—nothing may be said. Wait, my child."

"Wait!" he echoed bitterly. "Ay, wait until the poor girl shall hear—perhaps from her brother's lips—the story of my marriage as bandied about by others; wait for her to know that the man who would have made her love him was another's, and unworthy of her respect? No! it is I who must leave this place, and at once."

"You?" echoed the Padre. "How?"

"By the same means you would have used for her departure. I must take her place in that ship you are expecting. You will give me letters to your friends. Perhaps, when this is over, I may return—if I still live."

Padre Esteban became thoughtful.

"You will not refuse me?" said the young man, taking the Padre's hand. "It is for the best, believe me. I will remain secret here until then. You will invent some excuse—illness, or what you like—to keep them from penetrating here. Above all, to spare me from the misery of ever reading my secret in her face."

Father Esteban remained still absorbed in thought. "You will take a letter from me to the Archbishop, and put yourself under his care?" he asked, at last, after a long pause. "You will promise me that?"

"I do!"

"Then we shall see what can be done. They talk, those Americans," continued the priest, "of making their way up the coast to Punta St. Jago, where the ship they have already sent for to take them away can approach the shore; and the Comandante has orders to furnish them escort and transport to that point. It is a foolish indiscretion of the Government, and I warrant without the sanction of the Church. Already there is curiosity, discontent, and wild talk among the people. Ah! thou sayest truly, my son," said the old man, gloomily; "the doors of Todos Santos are open. The Comandante will speed these heretics quickly on their way; but the doors by which they came and whence they go will never close again. But God's will be done! And if the open doors bring thee back, my son, I shall not question His will!"

It would seem, however, as if Hurlstone's fears had been groundless. For in the excitement of the succeeding days, and the mingling of the party from San Antonio with the newcomers, the recluses had been forgotten. So habitual had been his isolation from the others that, except for the words of praise and gratitude hesitatingly dropped by Miss Keene to her brother, his name was not mentioned, and it might have been possible for the relieving party to have left him behind—unnoticed. Mr. Brimmer, for domestic reasons, was quite willing to allow the episode of Miss Montgomery's connection with their expedition to drop for the present. Her name was only recalled once by Miss Keene. When Dick had professed a sudden and violent admiration for the coquettish Doña Isabel, Eleanor had looked up in her brother's face with a half-troubled air. "Who was this queer Montgomery woman, Dick?" she said.

Dick laughed—a frank, reassuring, heart-free laugh.

"Perfectly stunning, Nell. Such a figure in tights! You ought to have seen her dance—my!"

"Hush! I dare say she was horrid!"

"Not at all!—She wasn't such a bad fellow, if you left out her poetry and gush, which I didn't go in for much—though the other fellows"—he stopped, from a sudden sense of loyalty to Brimmer and Markham. "No; you see, Nell, she was regularly ridiculously struck after that man Perkins—whom she'd never seen—a kind of school-girl worship for a pirate. You know how you women go in for those fellows with a mystery about 'em."

"No, I don't!" said Miss Keene, sharply, with a slight rise of colour: "and I don't see what that's got to do with you and her."

"Everything! She is in correspondence with him, and knows about the *Excelsior* affair, and wants to help him yet out of it with clean hands, don't you see! That's why she made up to us. There, Nell; she aint your style, of course; but you owe a heap to her for giving us points as to where you were. But that's all over now; she left us at Mazatlan, and went on to Nicaragua to meet Perkins somewhere there—for the fellow has always got some Central American revolution on hand, it appears. Until they garrote or shoot him some day, he'll go on in the liberating business for ever."

"Then there wasn't any Mr. Montgomery, of course?" said Eleanor.

"Oh, Mr. Montgomery," said Dick, hesitating. "Well, you see, Nell, I think that, knowing how correct and all that sort of thing Brimmer is, she sort of invented the husband, to make her interest look more proper."

"It's shameful!" said Miss Keene, indignantly.

"Come, Nell; one would think you had personal dislike to her. Let her go; she won't trouble you—nor, I reckon, anybody much longer."

"What do you mean, Dick?"

"I mean she has regularly exhausted and burnt herself out with her hysterics and excitements, and the drugs she's taken to subdue them—to say nothing of the Panama fever she got last spring. If she don't go regularly crazy at last she'll have another attack of fever, hanging round the isthmus waiting for Perkins."

Meanwhile, undisturbed by excitement or intrusion of the outer world, the days had passed quietly at the Mission. But one evening, at twilight, a swift-footed lightly-clad Indian, glided into the sacristy as if he had slipped from the outlying fog, and almost immediately as quietly glided away again and disappeared. The next moment Father Esteban's gaunt and agitated face appeared at Hurlstone's door.

"My son, God has been merciful and cut short your probation. The signal of the ship has just been made. Her boat will be waiting on the beach two leagues from here an hour hence. Are you ready? and are you still resolved?"

"I am," said Hurlstone, rising. "I have been prepared since you first assented."

The old man's lips quivered slightly, and the great brown hand laid upon the table trembled for an instant; with a strong effort he recovered himself, and said hurriedly, "Concho's mule is saddled and ready for you at the foot of the garden. You will follow the beach a league beyond the Indians' Cross. In the boat will await you the trusty messenger of the Church. You will say to him, 'Guadalajara,' and give him these letters. One is to the captain. You will require no other introduction." He laid the papers on the table, and, turning to Hurlstone, lifted his tremulous hands in the air. "And now, my son, may the grace of God!"—He faltered and stopped, his uplifted arms falling helplessly on Hurlstone's shoulders. For an instant the young man supported him in his arms, then placed him gently in the chair he had just quitted, and for the first time in their intimacy dropped upon his knee before him. The old man with a faint smile placed his hand upon his companion's head. A breathless pause followed; Father Esteban's lips moved silently. Suddenly the young man rose, pressed his lips hurriedly to the Father's hand, and passed out into the night.

The moon was already suffusing the dropping veil of fog above him with that nebulous, mystic radiance he had noticed the first night he had approached the Mission. When he reached the cross he dismounted, and gathering a few of the sweet-scented blossoms that crept around its base, placed them in his breast. Then, remounting, he continued his way until he came to the spot designated by Concho as a fitting place to leave his tethered mule. This done, he proceeded on foot about a mile further along the hard, wet sand, his eyes fixed on the narrow strip of water and shore before him that was yet uninvasion by the fog on either side.

The misty, nebulous light, the strange silence, broken only by the occasional low hurried whisper of some spent wave that sent its film of spume across his path, or filled his foot-prints behind him, possessed him with vague presentiments and imaginings. At times he fancied he heard voices at his side; at times indistinct figures loomed through the mist before him. At last what seemed to be his own shadow faintly impinged upon the mist at one side impressed him so strongly that he stopped; the apparition stopped too. Continuing a few hundred paces further, he stopped again; but this time the ghostly figure passed on and convinced him that it was no shadow, but someone actually following him. With an angry challenge he advanced towards it. It quickly retreated inland, and was lost. Irritated and suspicious he turned back towards the water, and was amazed to see before him, not twenty yards away, the object of his quest—a boat, with two men in it, kept in position by the occasional lazy dip of an oar. In the pursuit of his mysterious shadow he had evidently overlooked it. As his own figure emerged from the fog, the boat pulled towards him. The priest's password was upon his lips, when he perceived that the two men were common foreign sailors; the messenger of the Church was evidently not there. Could it have been he who had haunted him? He paused irresolutely. "Is there none other coming?" he asked. The two men looked at each other. One said, "Quien sabe!" and shrugged his shoulders. Hurlstone without further hesitation leaped aboard.

The same dull wall of vapour, at times thickening to an almost impenetrable barrier, and again half suffocating him in its soft embrace, which he had breasted on the night he swam ashore, carried back his thoughts to that time, now so remote and unreal. And when, after a few moments' silent rowing, the boat approached a black hulk that seemed to have started forward out of the gloom to meet them, his vague recollection began to take a more definite form. As he climbed up the companion-ladder and boarded the vessel, an inexplicable memory came over him. A petty officer on the gangway advanced silently and ushered him, half-dazed and bewildered, into the cabin. He glanced hurriedly around; the door of a state-room opened, and disclosed the indomitable and affable Señor Perkins. A slight expression of surprise, however, crossed the features of the Liberator of Quinquambo as he advanced with outstretched hand.

"This is really a surprise, my dear fellow! I had no idea that you were in this affair. But I am delighted to welcome you once more to the *Excelsior*!"

(To be continued.)

NOVELS.

There is a great deal of what is nice, fresh, well written, interesting, and surprising in *True to a Type*: by R. Cleland (William Blackwood and Sons); but it is not altogether a pleasant story. The spectre of bigamy confronts us at the tenth page of the first volume, and haunts us right through to the end, which crowns the second volume; and bigamy is not only a disagreeable but a hackneyed incident. Then, we have the spectacle of a man making ardent love to his own daughter, and only prevented by a sort of miracle from marrying her; and that, again, is a shocking condition of things to contemplate. On the other hand, we are taken by the author for a trip across the Atlantic, and are introduced to comparatively unfamiliar persons, places, things, habits, manners, customs, and language—all handled with considerable humour and geniality; so that, on the whole, there is good reason to read and be thankful. The great puzzle is to reconcile the title with the personages and the business of the romance; to discover what the type is, and who or what is true thereto. However, as is said of a rose and its name, so it may be said of a novel and its title, any other would make no difference in the essential characteristic. One of the best and most wholesome, and at the same time most original, presentment exhibited in the story is the excellent example afforded by Uncle Joseph, who lives down a terrible misfortune in a manner highly to be commended for common-sense and practicality, though the chivalrous, the sentimental, the romantic, and, especially, the melodramatic may be astounded and disgusted thereby. For what, according to the rules of romance, ought to be done by an able-bodied young sailor who, being of good social position, returns from a long spell of adventure, only to find that he has been reported drowned, and that his lovely and affectionate young wife has been persuaded to marry "another"? Torrents of blood ought, of course, to flow, and a fearful tragedy ought to ensue; but Uncle Joseph sets the rules of romance at naught. After one pathetic scene he vanishes from romantic life for a while, and when he re-appears, after a quarter of a century, it is as an elderly but a well-preserved and genial quasi-bachelor, who has "made his pile" in a business which is lucrative indeed, but neither dramatic nor melodramatic. Practical, and, at the same time, cynical folk may hold, perhaps, that the bigamy which was so heavy a blow to him was the making of him, and may wish that they could have "about half his complaint," as the cabman said of the over-drunken gentleman; but, however that may be, Uncle Joseph's case is yet another warning against the credulousness of wives who suffer themselves to be persuaded that their husbands have been drowned. It were far safer to believe that husbands "don't drown," as William Rufus said of kings and as is said of persons born to be hanged; and novelists have certainly done their best of late years to spread a knowledge of this curious fact in the natural history of husbands.

A very superior tone and an admirable style of writing give a singular charm to *The Cereuleans*: by H. S. Cunningham (Macmillan and Co.), a story which it is impossible to read without a great deal of pleasure and a certain amount of profit. It is coloured Indian; and it has to do chiefly with scenes and characters connected with life in the region which the author is pleased to call "Cerulea," and which readers who are at all familiar with the topography of our Asiatic possessions will no doubt have small difficulty in identifying. It is true that the characters are almost entirely confined to the class of Indian officials, civil or military, whom England dispatches to do her work in India, and who look on India not as a home but as a place partly of exile, partly of profitable employment, whence they will retire as soon as they have fulfilled the stipulated number of years, lost the usual, or more than the usual, amount of liver, and earned the appointed pension. If more of the native element had been introduced by the author the effect might have been a little more picturesque; but it is doubtful whether an increase of interest would have been combined with the additional picturesqueness. Of incident and of plot there is very little indeed; but of portraiture, of description, of dialogue there is a great deal, and it is all of excellent quality. A very careful study, quite true to life, is that of the hero: he is a man of common enough type, but his portrait is drawn with such exquisite skill and profound appreciation that he is almost redeemed from the common-place. The heroine, again, is a very charming and truthful study: not quite so truthlike, perhaps, as the hero; but, if she is a little too good, a little idealised, not sufficiently lower than the angels, nobody can find fault with an author for erring on the side of chivalrous misrepresentation. All the minor personages are exceedingly well handled; and among them the hero's old father stands out conspicuous—a fine old English gentleman and a most pathetic figure.

To have the scene of action pitched in Italy is, at the very outset, something in favour of a novel; and that is the case with *Knight Errant*: by Edna Lyall (Hurst and Blackett), whilst the writer's name gives promise of something uncommonly good, no matter what the country may be in which the events whereat the reader is invited to assist are to take place. It is certainly a pretty and a touching tale, with a dash of melodrama (wherein brigands are the principal performers), a strong infusion of pure and exhilarating love, a black streak of guilty passion, a prevalence of poetical sentiment and expression, a modicum of religion, and some noticeably good writing. The "knight errantry," from which the novel receives its title, is of an exceedingly Quixotic description, and cannot be regarded as conveying a lesson to readers in general; for it was only by a man possessing an exceptionally fine baritone voice that the example offered could have been set. The novel might have equally well, and perhaps more attractively, been called "Revelations of the Green Room," or something of that kind; for a considerable portion of it is occupied with an account of a strangely-composed "Italian Operatic Company," their relations one towards another, their successes and failures, their intrigues, and their thrilling adventures. The chief tenor appears to have been an English clergyman's son, who has taken an Italian-looking name, and gone upon the stage in consequence of proceedings which his father took very much to heart, and which seem to have involved a pretty girl and a suspicion, if not a reality, of embezzlement; and other members of the company have as little claim to Italian nationality, whether they do or do not Italianise their names. Genuine Italians, however, are the manager, otherwise called impresario, his wife, her lover, and her brother. She, being of good family and position, is understood to have eloped in her early youth with her singing-master or music-master who develops into the said impresario, to have grown in course of time and quite naturally to both hate and fear him, to act nevertheless as his prima donna, to have fallen in love with the baritone (who falls, or pretends to fall, in love with her, and who happens likewise to be married), and to have accelerated the death of her mother by informing that excellent lady of the state of things, and of the fear there is that there will be sin and scandal. Now is the time for the knight errant, the brother (younger in years) of the lady who feels quite sure that she is going to commit

a "faux pas," and that nobody "shall" save her (though she is the mother of a most winning little boy, worthy of engrossing all her thoughts); and so he, having promised both his father in days long gone by and his mother just at her death, to devote himself to his sister and her protection, sets about his task in a manner which would have made Sir Galahad piously and chivalrously jealous. By a miracle it turns out that the brother has a baritone voice of such quality that the wicked baritone, who is plotting the prima donna's ruin, cannot compete with him; so the brother gets engaged as baritone by his brother-in-law in the place of the wicked baritone, and from this "coign of vantage," as they say in the sporting papers, proceeds to watch over his candid sister, who has confessed herself to be on the point of becoming no better than she should be. The noble brother, in consequence of going upon the stage, has to relinquish the engagement which had been formed between him and the sweetest of English maidens; and this, of course, makes his knight errantry all the more remarkable and impressive. It may be that his self-sacrifice really does save his sister in the end; but, if so, it is only by reason of accidents totally independent of his knight errantry; and there is no doubt that, if his sister had been so critically near the fatal plunge as she feared that she was, a lady of her experience and resources would have found some way of outwitting him, or of profiting (in a sinister sense) by the indisposition which confined him to his bed. Besides, the impresario might have had a word to say on the matter: the worst husbands are very often the most jealous, and the most ready to resent a brother-in-law's tell-tale "officiousness." Yes, certainly, the knight errant was Quixotic; and where would he have been but for the accident of that baritone voice?

At what age, if at any, of the infant does a father begin to have a legal right of control over his child to the utter setting at naught of the mother? That question (quite unnecessarily, as it turns out in the long run) is raised in *Sabina Zembra*: by William Black (Macmillan and Co.); and it is the most—perhaps the only—important point which is touched upon in the three skilfully protracted volumes. "The Unconscious Flirt" would have been a good alternative title for the novel; since it is impossible not to agree with honest Mrs. Wygram, prepossessed as she is in favour of Sabina, that this lovely, fascinating, peerless spinster and heroine "carries on" in such a way that she certainly ought to mean the most outrageous flirtation, and should seek out a particularly credulous marine, if she wishes anybody to believe that she means anything else. Well; this Sabina is the daughter of a stingy millionaire, in comparison with whom the celebrated Shylock (better as a father, undoubtedly, than Jessica was as a daughter) was an open-handed old gentleman; but she has "views," has left her father's house at Lancaster-gate, and has gone to reside with certain comparatively poor and humble friends, that she may practise as a "trained nurse" and indulge in other amiable eccentricities. But she still pays periodical visits to Lancaster-gate; and, being there one day, she is, or considers herself to be, the cause whereof the effect is a wounded scalp and a damaged knee to a self-sufficient young gentleman, whom she naturally insists upon having carried into her father's house, and upon whom she not unnaturally tries her skill in the capacity of trained nurse (and unconscious flirt). She makes love to the young gentleman, and soon marries him, having discovered that he is an uncommonly eligible partner for a trained nurse, inasmuch as he is a young man of sporting tastes and pursuits, whose conversation is principally about the turf, pigeon-shooting, and "odds," and whose income is derived partly from an allowance grudgingly made by an uncongenial father, and partly from betting on horse-races or other sports. What happens to her after this will be readily surmised: it is a tale of "brandy-and-soda" and strong drink generally, tobacco-smoke, music-halls, slang, bad company, pecuniary difficulties, marital indifference, and utter ruin. But so true a wife, or rather mother, is the fair Sabina, that she condescends to countenance her husband's pretence of death, publicly recorded in the newspapers, in order to get some money out of her super-Shylockian sire; and other little meannesses she encourages or perpetrates, for reasons which do her credit rather as a devoted and fearful mother than as an obedient wife and a noble moral character. Such is the main purport of the story, whereof the general outline is familiar and not agreeable; it is in the episodes that the reader must expect to find the greater freshness and pleasantness, in the conclusion the consolatory award of poetical justice.

Truly a memorable place for the scene, and a notable date for the time, have been chosen in the case of *Saracinesca*: by F. Marion Crawford (William Blackwood and Sons); for the place is Rome, the legendary, the mystic, the historical, the wonderful; and the date is 1865, a year as far removed, in some respects, from the present day as if it were the year One "of the building of the city," when Remus jumped derisively over the tiny walls, and brother Romulus, unconscious of imitating the conduct of Cain towards Abel, fraternally smote the jumper and slew him. For what do we know about 1865? That when it was ushered in, Pope Pius IX. had a considerable length of life before him, and so had Cardinal Antonelli; that people still went over the Alps "on the top of a diligence," as the undergraduate who was plucked said of Hannibal, and not by way of railroad and tunnels; that President Lincoln and his murderer had not yet intersected orbits; that Prussia was still a second-rate Power (technically) and the German Empire was as yet a dream; that Napoleon III. was regarded as the inscrutable Sphinx and as the arbiter of Europe; and that, above all, from the literary point of view, "Zolaism" was a term not yet invented. Why, 1865 might, from certain points of view, as well be the date of the Deluge; yet that is the year at which the narrative contained in this novel under consideration begins, so that expectation may well be raised high when it is found that the novelist, starting at that epoch, intends "to tell the story of certain persons, of their good and bad fortune, their adventures, and the complications in which they found themselves placed during a period of about twenty years." Moreover, these persons "are chiefly patricians; and in the first part of their history they have little to do with any but their own class—a class peculiar and almost unique in the world." At the outset, then, a reader may well calculate upon a vast amount of what is instructive, entertaining, interesting, and astonishing; for the author of "A Roman Singer" must know his subject, so far, extremely well, and as a writer he has few superiors. And merely the outset of the business he has in hand appears to be contained in this present instalment of three volumes, in which he has exhausted only one of the twenty years aforesaid. Clearly, then, if he should go on at the same rate with the "sequel" he promises, happy readers may hug themselves in the belief that there are about fifty-seven more like volumes to come, full of like excellent matter, treated in the same excellent manner by the same skilful hand.

Dod's "Parliamentary Companion" for 1887 has reached its fifty-fifth year. Important changes which have recently taken place are chronicled in its pages.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

NOVICE (Cavendish-square).—A King is in "check" when placed en prise of any of the adverse pieces. In the position you send Black must move his King; "moving" the checking piece is no answer. We know of no concise book on the openings to be easily obtained.

A C (Glasgow).—In No. 2230 Black's answer to 1. Q to Q 7th is 1. B takes Kt (ch), &c. W B (Stratford).—Has not the haste been on your side, did not the author "Black, it seems to us, has a good answer to 1. Q to B 3rd, in 1. P takes P. Look at the problem again.

L B (Bruges).—We have received your remittance covering the postage of the Pocket Chessboards. Your solutions of the Healey-Pradignat problems are correct, of course.

MR. H. CLEMENT FAWCETT, of Meadow Bank, West Norwood, will be glad to meet with an opponent for a game by correspondence.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2230 received from R Tidmarsh (San José, California); of 2240 from Rev. John Willis (Barnstable, U.S.A.); of 2240 and 2241 from Lucio Vecchi and Casimiro Basso; of 2241 from F W Evans and W Vernon Arnold; of 2242 from F W Evans, John S. Thake, John C. Brenner, Jack, A H B (Rathgar), Lieut.-Colonel Lorraine, and Fitz-Warling; of 2242 to 2244 from Pierce Jones and J D Tucker (Leeds); of 2243 from W H D Henvey, Fairholme, L. Beirlant and other Belgian Amateurs (Bruges), J Stieglitz (Munich), John C. Brenner, W B Smith, Section of Echecs Société Littéraire (Geneva), Staff-Sergeant MacFarlane, and Bernard Reynolds.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2244 received from Fred Macnabe, W R Ratlam, Norman Jack (Chew Magna), Thomas Chown, H Lucas, Rev. C. T. Salisbury, N S Harris, J Hall, Charles T. Atkinson, L. Dosances, J T W. Phenomenon, E. Elsbury, W H Jeffs, Mrs. Kelly, L. Falcon (Antwerp), I. Wyman, Fairholme, John C. Brenner, H Wardell, Colville Brown, W Hillier, F W Evans (Emsen), John Mau, R L Southwell, E J E Jesse, E Featherstone, Staff-Sergeant MacFarlane, Junior Junior, E Casella (Paris), C Oswald, R P N Banks, A E Hunt, Otto Fulder (Ghent), L. Penfold, W B Smith, R Tweedell, Hermit, W Biddle, L. Sharnwood, Rev. R V French, E E H. Shadforth, C Darragh, Major Richard, C E P. R. Worters, Joseph Ainsworth, Margaret Lady Hackett (Monkstown), Columbus, Commander W L Martin (R.N.), R J Steegles, G W Lay, George Joyce, R H Brooks, Ben Nevis, H Reeve, Lieutenant-Colonel Lorraine, J A Schmucke, J H S (Liverpool), Fitz-Warling, W E H Colsee, R W Spencer, and James D Hannan.

NOTE.—There is an error in the diagram of this problem arising from a too hurried attempt to correct it. The author intends that the Black Pawn at K 6th should be placed on K 2nd. Almost all our correspondents sent this author's solution, which is not affected by the misplacement of the Pawn.

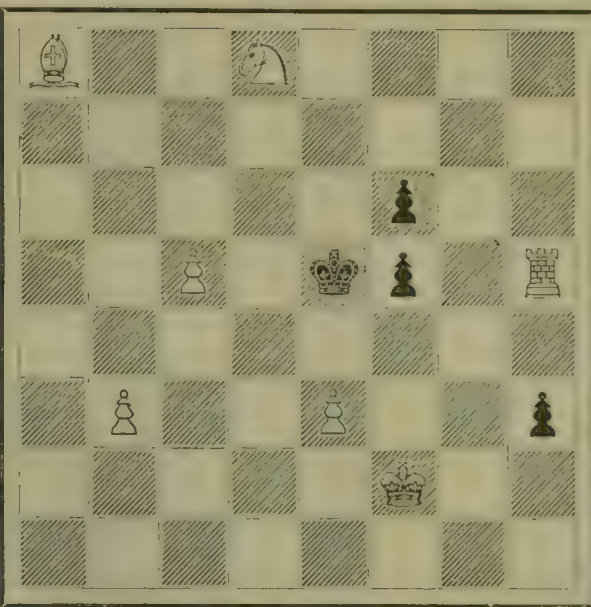
SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS.

No. 2242.		No. 2243.	
WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
1. R to Q 4th.	Any move.	1. K to Q 3rd.	K to Kt 4th.
2. Mates accordingly.		2. K to Q 4th.	K takes Kt.
		3. R to K 3rd.	Mate.

PROBLEM No. 2246.

By E. VARAIN (Munich).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

Played in the tournament of the City Chess Club between Captain HAWKES-WORTH and Mr. ZANGWILL.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Captain H.).	BLACK (Mr. Z.).	WHITE (Captain H.).	BLACK (Mr. Z.).
1. P to K 4th.	P to K 4th.	17. P to Q 3rd.	P to Q 4th.
2. Kt to K B 3rd.	Kt to K B 3rd.	18. P to K 5th.	P to Q 5th.
3. B to Kt 5th.	Kt to B 3rd.	19. P takes P.	P takes P.
4. Castles.	B to K 2nd.	20. P to B 4th.	B to K R 5th.
		21. R to B sq.	B to Q Kt 4th.
		22. Kt to B 4th.	P to Q 6th.
5. Kt to Q B 3rd.	P to Q 3rd.	23. Q to K 4th.	Kt to B 3rd.
6. B takes Kt (ch).	P takes B.	24. Q to B 3rd.	B takes Kt.
7. P to Q 4th.	P takes P.	25. P takes Kt.	P to Q 7th.
8. Kt takes P.	B to Q 2nd.	26. B to Kt 3rd.	B takes B.
9. Q to K 2nd.	Castles.	27. Q takes B.	B takes Kt.
10. P to K R 3rd.	P to B 4th.	28. Kt to K 3rd.	R takes Kt.
11. Kt to B 3rd.	P to B 3rd.	29. Q takes R.	Pawn Queens.
12. R to K sq.	R to K sq.	30. R takes Q.	Q takes R.
13. B to B 4th.	Kt to R 4th.	31. Q to B 2nd.	Q to K 7th.
14. B to R 2nd.	B to B 3rd.		and White resigns.
15. Kt to Q 2nd.	P to Kt 3rd.		
16. Kt to Q sq.	R to Kt sq.		

An Easter offering from the Turf, Field, and Farm of New York. The players are Messrs. SMITH and HAMHAM.

(Vienna Game.)

WHITE (Mr. S.).	BLACK (Mr. H.).	WHITE (Mr. S.).	BLACK (Mr. H.).
1. P to K 4th.	P to K 4th.	14. Better to have Castled at once.	
2. Kt to Q B 3rd.	B to B 4th.	15. Castles.	Q R to K sq.
3. P to K B 4th.	P to Q 3rd.	16. B takes B.	Kt to R 4th.
4. Kt to K B 3rd.	Kt to Q 2nd.	17. Q to B 2nd.	Kt takes B.
5. B to B 4th.	Kt to K B 3rd.		
6. P to Q 3rd.	P to Q B 3rd.	18. Kt to K sq.	Kt to B 5th.
7. B to Kt 3rd.	P to Q Kt 4th.	19. K to R sq.	Kt to K 7th (ch).
8. Q to K 2nd.	P to Q R 4th.	20. B takes P (ch).	Kt to Q 5th.
		21. Q to Kt sq.	Kt to K sq.
			Leading to a brilliant ending.
9. P to Q R 4th.	P to Kt 5th.	22. B takes R.	R takes R.
10. Kt to Q sq.	B to R 3rd.	23. P takes Kt.	R takes Q (ch).
11. P takes P.	P takes P.	24. K takes R.	Kt to B 6th (ch).
12. B to K 3rd.	Q to Kt 3rd.	25. K to R sq.	Queen mates.
13. P to K R 3rd.	Castles (K R).		
14. B to R 2nd.			

The Exeter Hall Chess Club has had a very successful season. The list of fixtures included matches with the Blackfriars, Westbourne Park, Railway Clearing-House, and Polytechnic clubs. The first three of these were lost and the last drawn, but the return-matches were all won by Exeter Hall. On Friday evening, March 25, a number of members accepted Mr. Kenney's invitation to a social gathering in the drawing-room of Exeter Hall, and, after refreshments, the evening was enlivened by songs, recitations, &c.

We omitted from our summary of the Oxford and Cambridge matches a notice of the decisive victory of the Brighton club over the united teams of the Universities. Brighton lost but one game. Mr. Branch, of the Lewes Chess Club, in reminding us of this notable incident of the week's campaign, adds that Lewes defeated Brighton on Wednesday last with the good score of twelve points to nine.

"The St. Patrick's Chess Club Pamphlet" has just been issued in a small volume, containing all the numbers. It can be obtained from Mr. W. A. Murray, 2, Upper Mount-street, Dublin.

The match between the Rev. G. A. Macdonnell and Mr. Blackburne was concluded last week. Of the four games played, Mr. Macdonnell won one and drew one.

The first of a series of smoking concerts was held at the British Chess Club on the 6th inst. Mr. George Newnes, M.P., occupied the chair; and the entertainment was contributed by Messrs. H. Paulton, Hilmere, and other guests.

The first of the series of short matches between the masters of the game to which we referred a few weeks ago will be played at the British Chess Club, commencing on May 7 next. The competitors will be Dr. Zukertort and Mr. Blackburne; the stakes, nominal; and the winner of five games will be declared the victor. The time limit is twenty moves an hour, and the games will be played on the Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays in each week until the match is concluded.

ART EXHIBITIONS.

Mr. Orrock has followed up his series of sketches of the Border country by a fresh series, illustrative of the "Land of Scott," which are now to be seen at Messrs. Dowdeswell's Gallery (133, New Bond-street). The country familiar to us through "Waverley," "Red Gauntlet," "Old Mortality," and "Marmion," is rich in subjects for the painter, and Mr. Orrock has made the most of his opportunities. Fresh and breezy as the moors and hillsides, he throws into his work vigour and variety. "Criffell" (54 and 30), as seen from the Solway Sands, is a lonesome place, and compares well with "Bewcastle Waste" (16 and 25) and the desolate spots round "Tynedale Fell and Skiddaw" (17). Gilsland, as a portion of this lonely flat is called, contains some pretty spots, such as the glen through which the Irthing flows, and is memorable as containing "The Popping Stone" (63), where Walter Scott and Charlotte Carpenter used to meet. Not far from this are "Naworth Castle" (22) and "Lanercost Priory" (12 and 49), where the scenery is more picturesque and richly wooded. In the grey view of "The Solway Sands" (1) and the rich colours of "Branksome Hall" (8) we have the limits within which Mr. Orrock's facile brush brings back the memories of these days when Scott's novels and poems first enthralled us. Alike to those who have not lost their first impressions, and to those to whom Scott is still an unknown or an unappreciated author, we can commend "Dick Hatterick's Cave" (4), "Johnnie Armstrong's Tower" (29), "Drumlanrig" (82) from the Stepping Stones, "Caerlaverock Castle" (76)—to mention a few only among these pleasant, clever sketches, amongst which we might profitably spend an hour or more. It was a happy idea to mingle with this scenery Sir James D. Linton's studies of some of the principal of Scott's characters. Of these there are a dozen painted with the president's usual warmth and richness of colouring. "Julia Mannering" (59), in her richly embroidered blue bodice over a cream-coloured dress; "Nanty Ewart" (36), in a brown, close-fitting coat, lighting his pipe, in total unconcern of the plot which is thickening around him; "Colonel Mannering" (67), the very beau-ideal of a soldier; and "Alan Fairford" (39), a small, open-faced youth. The others most noteworthy are—"Marmion" (28) and "Lady Heron" (20); "Lilias" (65), from "Red Gauntlet"; and "The Lady Margaret" (46), who well realise the types which Scott's pen has made to live before our eyes.

To their already attractive Spring Exhibition, Messrs. Tooth (5 and 6, Haymarket) have added a collection of paintings by Signor F. Del Campo, a young Italian artist who first came into notice in this country about four years ago. His method is that of the modern Italians who follow Pasini in his love of bright colour, strong contrasts, and brilliant sunlight. In some of these pictures, such as the "Harbour of Capri" (13) and the "Canal dei Tintori" (7) at Venice, the effect is almost dazzling. One cannot deny that the technical merits of such work far outweigh its artistic value. The skilfulness of the painter is there, but he paints in prose. In the first-named of these two pictures, moreover, we see the curious result springing from this love of bright colour and the requirements of a picture. The blue sky in one corner of the canvas has necessitated a blue sea in the other, altogether out of natural colour. In some other works, Signor Del Campo touches us more, as, for instance, "Journeying in the Island of Capri" (2); the "Fontana Della Marina" (24), looking up the narrow street into the sunny country and on to the hill-sides, bathed in the bright light. In the "Ca d'oro" (33) we have a literal transcript of one of the beauties of the Grand Canal; but it does not recall the mellowness of the beauty which the original possesses.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

"Ruddigore; or, the Witch's Curse," by W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan (Chappell and Co.). The latest production of the distinguished librettist and composer, whose association has been so frequently exercised with signal success, is now published, in vocal score, with pianoforte accompaniment (arranged by G. L. Tracy, of Boston, U.S.A.), in handy form, at a moderate price. The special merits of the music (comparable at least to that of any of its predecessors from the same source) were commented on in our notice of the production of the piece at the Savoy Theatre. Besides the publication now referred to, Messrs. Chappell have issued an arrangement for pianoforte alone. Detached extracts from the vocal score, pianoforte fantasias, and dance music based on prominent themes in the opera, &c., have been published by the same firm.

"Otello": Dramma Lyrico in quattro atti; Versi di Arrigo Boito, Musica di Giuseppe Verdi (Milan, Ricordi). We have here the vocal score—with pianoforte accompaniment—of the opera produced with such triumphant success at Milan in February last. The co-operation, as librettist, of Signor Boito (distinguished both as a poet and a composer) with the genius to whom we owe so much popular stage music, was a happy concurrence; and the result is a work which will be looked for with eagerness in various quarters of the world. Pending its production in this country, its publication by the eminent Continental firm which has a London branch in Regent-street, will offer to many the opportunity for making acquaintance with the latest (in all probability the final) work of the veteran Verdi. We have previously specified a few of the salient points in the opera, the whole of which is worthy of attention as the production of the most successful dramatic composer of the present time. Messrs. Ricordi publish the opera also, in an arrangement (by Signor Saladino) for pianoforte solo.

"Aline, Wa'tz," by Jessie Miller (Ambrose and Co.), is a bright piece of dance music; a melodious introductory "andante," in six-eight tempo, leading to three movements, in three-four time, in which the waltz style is well preserved, with an avoidance of the commonplace platitudes too frequently offered in that well-worn form. An effective "coda" makes a good climax to this pleasing pianoforte piece. The music has, we believe, been played with success by several military bands.

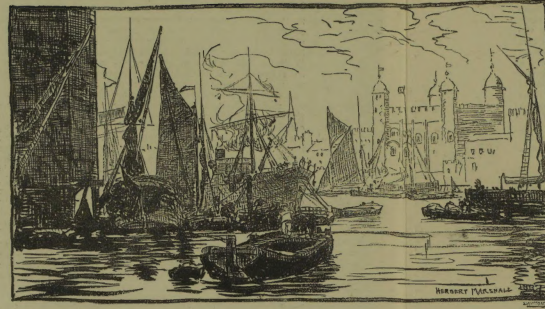
"Reveille" (Bugle Call) is the title of a polka composed by Madge Vinning, and published by Mr. Alfred Hays. A short introduction, in martial style, leads to a bright and tuneful piece, in which the spirited dance form is well sustained in the same tempo (two-four time), an intermediate trio in the minor key forming a good contrast to the principal movement.

"Awake, O Happy Nation" (Metzler and Co.). This is the national song and chorus composed in commemoration of her Majesty's Jubilee—the words by Henry Rose, the music by J. M. Coward. In both respects it is a spirited piece, in an appropriately jubilant style, the choral refrain adding to the impressive effect. As previously recorded, it has been given with great success at the Crystal Palace. It is also published (by the same firm) in the tonic sol-fa notation.

"The Grosvenor Series of Classical Pianoforte Music" (published by Messrs. J. and J. Hopkinson) continues to maintain its interest by furnishing a varied selection of pieces, by composers of the past and the present (of different degrees of difficulty)—well engraved and printed, and at cheap prices.



CARDINAL WOLSEY, CHANCELLOR OF ENGLAND, ON HIS PROGRESS TO WESTMINSTER HALL.—SIR JOHN GILBERT, R.A.



THE TOWER, FROM BERMONDSEY.—H. MARSHALL.



LAMBETH PALACE.—H. MARSHALL.



LA CHÂTELAINE.—J. PARKER.



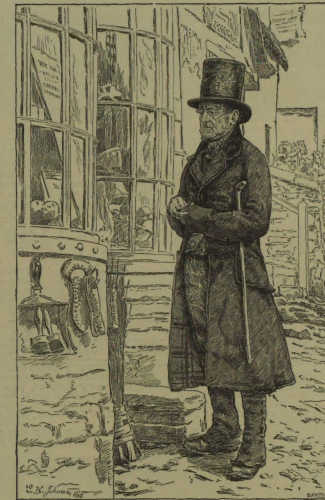
DUNGEON GHYLL.—P. J. NAFTEL.



THE NIGHTINGALE.—E. J. BREWSTER.



THE LISTENING MONK.—H. E. MARKS, R.A.



"SUCH STUFF!"—E. K. JOHNSON.



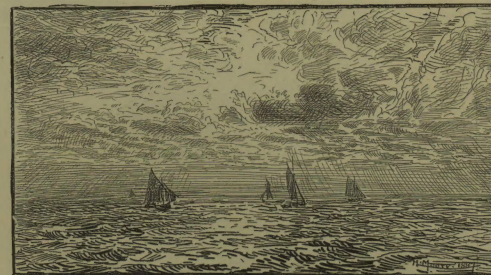
LIGHT AND SHADE.—J. H. HENSHALL.



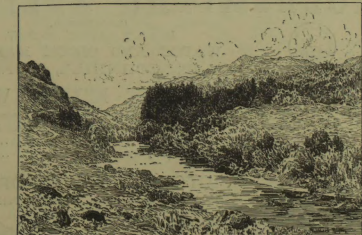
ACROSS THE FOREST, HAMPSHIRE.—W. EYRE WALKER.



GOING TO THE TOURNAMENT.—NORMAN TAYLER.



MORNING, COAST OF JERSEY.—H. MOORE, A.R.A.



"IN RADIANT PROGRESS TOWARDS THE DEEP."—C. RIGBY.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

The high level of excellency which the public expects to find at the "Old Society's" gallery is well sustained in this, the 107th exhibition held since its foundation. In English water colours the influence of "schools" is more manifest than in oil-painting, and, even on the present occasion, we have no difficulty in tracing the guidance of Turner, Prout, and even of Girtin. In point of importance Mr. Holman Hunt, who ranks only as an associate, shares the honours of the exhibition with the president, Sir John Gilbert; but we doubt whether either work will take rank among the artist's best. Mr. Holman Hunt reverts (67) to the subject of one of his early triumphs—Christ as a child in the Temple disputing with the doctors. The present treatment, which is intended for adaptation in mosaic, reproduces, in somewhat enlarged size, many of the faces, and even figures, which took part in Mr. Holman Hunt's latest work, "The Triumph of the Innocents," and it can scarcely be contended that the addition to the age and size of these children adds to their dignity and interest. Some of the doctors seated round the room are interesting, and all are cleverly painted; but the dominant expression of their faces is neither surprise nor interest, nor even curiosity, whilst the central figure of Christ turning to the scroll between his hands is as deficient in human childlike simplicity as in divine fervour. A similar want of expressiveness marks Sir John Gilbert's work (117), which is here reproduced, representing Cardinal Wolsey at the zenith of his power going to Westminster Hall. Courtiers are bending low before him, petitioners on their knees are vainly attempting to arrest his attention; but "My Lord Cardinal" has neither eyes nor ears for great or small, but strides on, smelling his orange, "wherein was vinegar and confection." The grouping of the scene leaves little to be desired; the bright colours with their dark shadows are in the president's well-known style. The principal defect of the work, however, is a certain sameness of texture which pervades the whole, and gives to the suitors and the figures on the tapestry with which the wall is hung a suggestion of belonging to the same world. Very different, as showing to what uses water colours can be turned, is another work of which an engraving is here given—Mr. Stacy Marks' "Listening Monk" (129), who hesitates to enter his cell lest he should lose the rest of what is being said in the corridor. This may be taken as the best bit of figure-painting in the gallery; but there are others which, without reaching the level of Mr. Stacy Marks' humorous study, nevertheless display the resources of water-colouring in a very remarkable degree. Amongst these should be mentioned Mr. E. K. Johnson's "Such Stuff!" (127), an enlightened elector perusing the lengthy promises of his would-be representative; Mr. J. H. Henshall's "Light and Shade" (175), a scene before the cottage fire; Mr. Brewtnall's "Nightingale" (146), a contrast between the poetic and the prosaic ages of man, all of which are reproduced on another page; Mr. E. H. Poynter's "Difference of Opinion" (33), a young girl standing in a yew-bordered grass terrace in full blaze of the sun, and vainly attempting to induce her small pugdog to seek, with her,

some shadier spot; Mr. Heywood Hardy's "Paying Toll" (110), a huntsman and hounds coming through the turnpike-gate—a slight anachronism, by-the-way, if the study is supposed to be contemporary; Mr. Arthur H. Marsh's "Men Must Work, &c." (144), a grey group of fisherwomen holding aloft the signal of danger to warn their husbands homewards; Mr. H. Gillard Glindoni's "Friend in Need" (170), a scene at Charing-cross two hundred years ago, when Peers went about in sedan-chairs, and fresh country girls were deposited with their boxes in London streets; and above most of these, Mr. Norman Tayler's "Going to the Tournament" (79), with its knights and squires, ladies and peasant girls, jesters and monks, all in confusion, bent upon a day of pleasure. Of this work and of Mr. J. Parker's "La Châtelaine" (122), a single female figure, we give engravings. In other works, where the figure and the surrounding accessories appeal on equal terms for attention, studies of Eastern life are foremost of these. Mr. Robertson's "His Excellency the Pasha" (201), Mr. Henry Wallis's "Street Scene in Cairo" (23), and Mr. Carl Haag's "Sphinx of Gezeh" (229), as seen in full moonlight, are the most noteworthy; but more especially his "Beyond Jordan" (12), a narrow gorge between rocks, full of Arab horsemen. The animal painters, realistic or humorous, are not so prominent on the present occasion; but amongst the latter Mr. David Murray's "Luncheon Overdue" (70), some geese waiting outside a cottage door, is full of excellent colouring; and Mr. Beavis's "Kyles on the Edge of the Moor" (88), are admirably drawn. It is, however, rather in landscape work that the Old Water Colour has been pre-eminently distinguished for so many generations, and in Mr. North's study of early spring, in the "Monks' Fish-Pond" (16); in Mr. George Fripp's warm mists of "Lynton" (32), and Mr. Alfred Hunt's exquisite analysis of cold sunlight and cloud over northern coasts, "A Stiff North-Easter" (196), "High Tide" (89), and "Washing Day" (234), we recognise no falling off from the level our *aquarellistes* have so long occupied. These are, however, old stagers and past-masters of the craft; but we cannot fail to recognise worthy successors in Mr. Colin B. Philip's "Loch Torridon" (8) and "Cory-na-Crieich" (166); in Mr. Robert W. Allan's group of "French Fishers on the Shore at Caudebec" (17), or of "Scotch Shepherds waiting for the Steamer" (61); in Mr. Ernest Waterlow's "Lugger Inn, Fowey" (85), where the difficulties of white stucco have been fairly grappled with and overcome; in Mr. Herbert Marshall's numerous studies of London atmosphere and buildings, such as "St. Paul's from Cheapside" (136), "The Broad Sanctuary" (137), "The Tower" (12), and "Lambeth Palace" (37), the two latter of which are here engraved; and in Mr. Samuel J. Hodson's "Hôtel de Ville, Brussels" (30) and "Ste. Gudule" (163), the former of which recalls some of Prout's best works; and in Miss Maude Naftel's "Roses" (57) and "Gloire de Dijon" (215). In selecting these, it must not be supposed that we wish to pass by without recognition the works of such well-known and appreciated artists as Mrs. Allingham, who is represented by only one group of children, "The Picture Book" (225); Mr. W. Callow, who sends a dozen landscapes; Mr. Charles Davidson, who follows close upon his colleague

with ten; or Mr. Albert Goodwin, whose half-dozen gems of light and colour well sustain his previous reputation. Amongst the other well-known names who also contribute pleasant evidence that time has robbed them of none of their well-known skill are Mr. Eyre Walker, whose study from the New Forest (46) is reproduced; Mr. Pilsburg, Miss Clara Montalba, Mr. Francis Powell, and Mr. Paul Naftel, whose "Dungeon Ghyll" (44), here engraved, forcibly recalls a favourite spot in the Lake District. We have also given engravings of Mr. H. Moore's "Morning, on the Coast of Jersey" (36), and Mr. C. Rigby's "The River Duddon" (173), as capital specimens of the healthiest and best school of English water-colour painting. From the once prolific pencil of Mr. Collingwood Smith there are four works exhibited, showing that down to the very close of his industrious life he was still working steadily for a public which had given him so much well-earned encouragement.

A memorial-building to the late Duke of Buccleuch was opened by the Duchess of Buccleuch at Hawick on the 14th inst. It gives accommodation for the science and art classes and the archaeological museum.

The Mercers' Company have voted £210 to the fund for defraying the structural alterations recently made in the premises of the London School of Medicine for Women; and the Clothworkers' Company have again granted £20 to the same object, bringing the total they have contributed to this institution to £190.

It was reported at the annual meeting of the Newbury District Field Club, held on the 14th inst., that the Duke of Wellington has, in compliance with the wishes of the society, given instructions for the preservation of the remains of the Roman city of Silchester, which forms part of the Duke's Stratfieldsaye estate.

Constable Holland, who in July last was shot in the right leg in Marylebone Churchyard by a burglar (who was subsequently apprehended on another charge and sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude), came up at Bow-street on the 14th inst., and received from Sir J. Ingham a reward of £20.

The Guthrie Scholarship, the highest prize in St. Andrews University, has been awarded to Mr. William H. Macpherson, St. Andrews. The scholarship is tenable for four years, and is of the value of £100 the first year and £50 for each of the three following. According to the conditions of the scholarship, the successful student must continue his studies at Oxford or Cambridge.

Street's "Indian, Colonial, and Mercantile Directory" for the current year forms the eleventh issue of this compendious work, widely known for its comprehensiveness and the correctness of its multifarious details. In addition to trade returns, tariffs, populations, the volume contains full particulars as to postal and other communications, lists of merchants and traders, leading professional men, geographical descriptions, commercial capabilities, trade returns and other statistics, coinage, weights and measures, London agents of banks, railways in operation and constructing, together with clear and correct maps, and items of general information.

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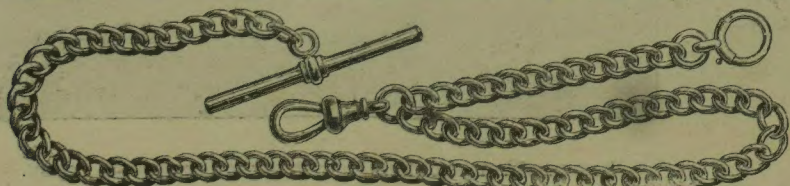
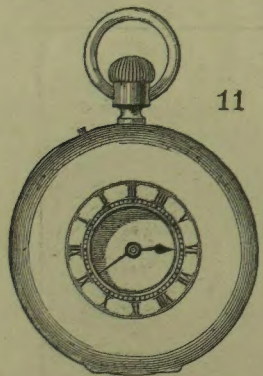
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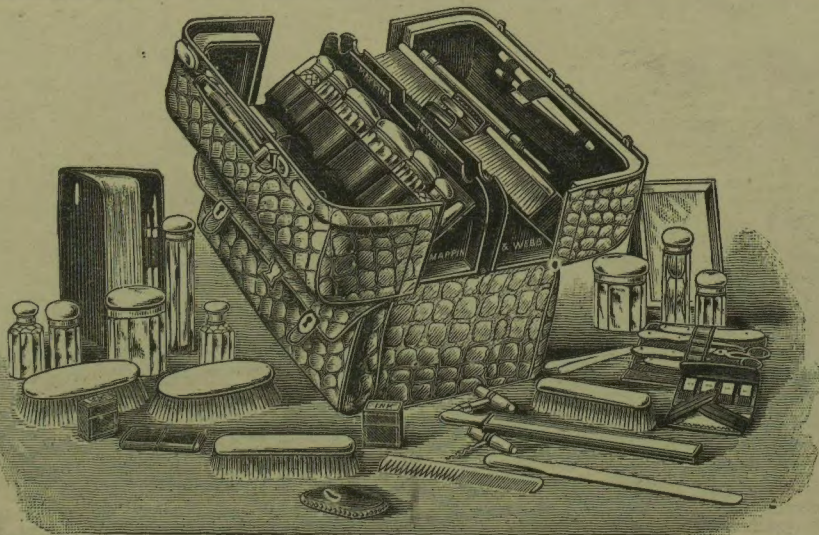
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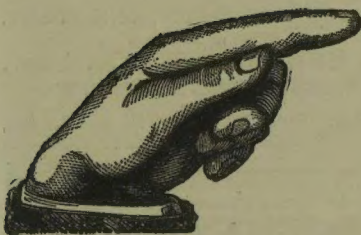
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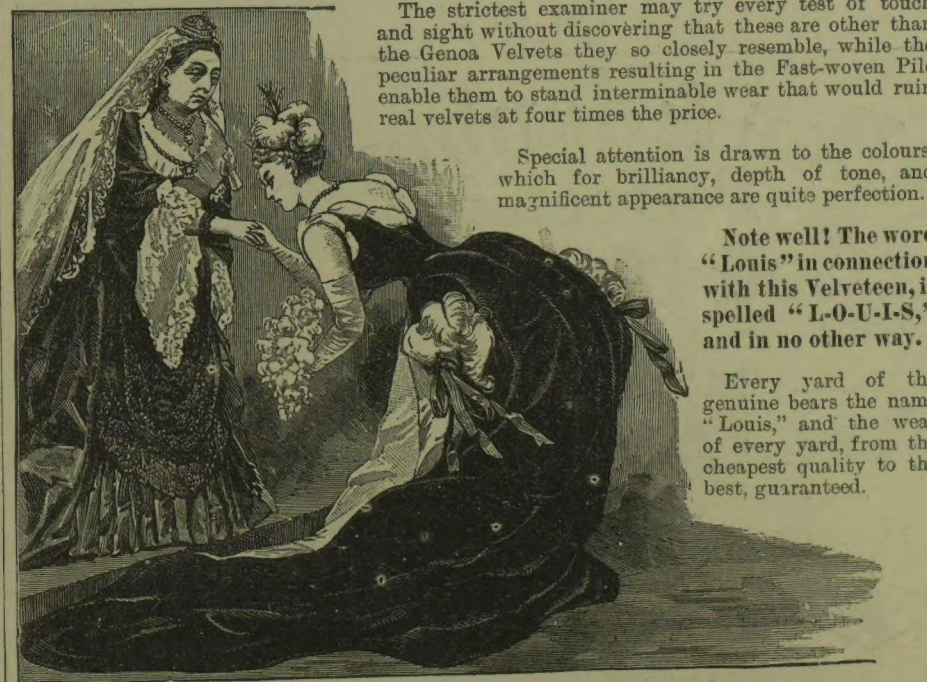
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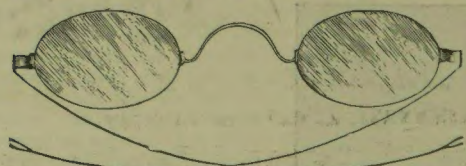
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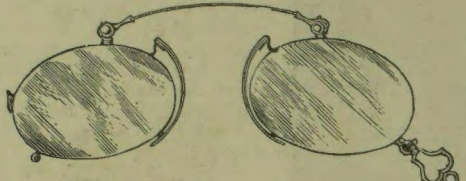
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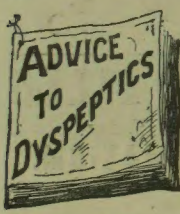
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